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THE VALLEY OF BERACHAH.

(II. Chron. xx.)

WHEN Judah's foes were all assembled
 Within Tekoa's wilderness,
 On pallid lips the accents trembled :
 "Save us, O Lord, in our distress !"

The answer came, their fears allaying,
 "Ye shall not need to fight to-day ;
 For I Myself, My power displaying,
 Will sweep that hostile host away."

Forthwith, before the embattled legions,
 A band of singers marched and sang ;
 And through those wild, infested regions
 Praise to the Lord sublimely rang.

What frenzy then and dire delusion
 That haughty, heathen host ran through !
 Brothers and allies, in confusion,
 With sword and spear each other slew.

Till lo, the watchman, far off gazing,
 Beheld an army melt as snow :
 And only spoils of wealth amazing
 And fallen forms the field to show.

In earth's wide wilderness are thronging
 The ranks of evil and of care :
 And oftentimes, sad with fear and longing,
 We pour our complaints in bitter prayer.

Oh could we sing our Lord's sweet praises
 Nor sin nor grief should do us harm ;
 But as, when morn her banner raises
 The wild beasts fly in strange alarm —

Our fears themselves should feel a panic ;
 Perplexity should loose its toils,
 And from the fallen host Satanic
 Our hands should gather happy spoils.

O THOU who art of grace the fountain,
 Help us in praise to find employ,
 Till we ascend Thy heavenly mountain,
 With songs and everlasting joy !

Mouth of Gold.

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW.

SUNLIGHT and shadow play upon the hills,
 And chase each other on the restless waves,
 Seeming to follow but their own sweet wills,
 Yet to the powers above them faithful
 slaves, —
 Reflecting every changing cloud with ease,
 Stirr'd by a leaf, and dancing with the breeze.

Oh, blessèd shadows ! who so kind as you,
 So patient, humble, generous, and good ?
 Obedient to the sun, and ever true,
 Your presence beautifies the roughest road,
 Lends to the sternest rock a tender grace,
 And throws a charm upon the meanest place.

Oh, blessèd lights that make the shadows
 sweet,
 That make the world so exquisitely fair !
 Life is more full when lights and shadows
 meet
 Than in the midnight gloom or noonday
 glare,
 And human hearts have little tenderness
 Till grief and joy have met in fond caress.

Sunday Magazine.

A SKETCH AT EVENING.

THE whip cracks on the plough-team's flank,
 The thresher's flail beats duller ;
 The round of day has warmed a bank
 Of cloud to primrose colour.

The dairy-girls cry home the kine,
 The kine in answer lowing ;
 And rough-haired louts with sleepy shouts
 Keep crows whence seed is growing.

The creaking wain, brushed thro' the lane,
 Hangs straws on hedges narrow ;
 And smoothly cleaves the soughing plough,
 And harsher grinds the harrow.

Comes, from the road-side inn caught up,
 A brawl of crowded laughter,
 Thro' falling brooks and cawing rooks
 And a fiddle scrambling after.

J. L. WARREN.

LIGHT.

THE night has a thousand eyes,
 And the day but one,
 Yet the light of the bright world dies
 With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
 And the heart but one,
 Yet the light of a whole life dies
 When love is done.

F. W. BOURDILLON.

Worcester College, Oxford.

Spectator.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE GROWTH OF COMMONWEALTHS.

THERE is much talk just now in the world about changing monarchies into republics, and changing republics into monarchies. To judge from the way in which people speak about the current politics of France and Spain, one might think that a change of this kind was the easiest thing in the world. And one might think that it was not only one of the easiest things in the world, but that it was also a simple and definite thing, something which could be done within the four corners of an Act of Parliament, or voted by the briefer Yea or Nay of a real or a sham *plebiscitum*. The modern history of France and Spain is perhaps beginning to give people a dim notion that there may be many kinds of republics and many kinds of monarchies. And when we constantly see in polite newspapers such a phrase as "Conservative Republic," it may be that the general public is beginning to awake to the fact that a republic is not necessarily a state of things in which everybody picks everybody else's pocket and cuts everybody else's throat. Otherwise, as a rule, the word "Republican" has generally been used in England as if it were a term of moral reproach. A man may be Whig, Tory, Conservative, Liberal, even Radical; he may be for or against the present state of the Legislature, the Church, the army — perhaps even the game-laws and the succession to land. Thus far — though it is perhaps not quite clear about the last two points — a man may hold his own notions, whatever they are, and at most his error is mourned over; he is not at once set down as a rogue. But if a man goes on from speculating on all these things to speculate still further upon the form of the Executive government, he is at once set down as morally wicked. If he thinks that it might be better to have the actual rulers of the country chosen directly, instead of indirectly, by Parliament or by the people, then he is a "Republican," and the word "Republican," in the mouths of most people, does not belong to the same class of words as

Whig and Tory, but to the same class of words as thief and murderer. A Republican must be a Democrat, and for a Democrat no words can be too bad. The Democrat must be a foe to religion and social order, to life and property and everything else. To be sure there are men still living who may have seen, by the banks of the Aar or on the isles of the Hadriatic, republics which were not democracies. To be sure any man who chooses may now go any day and see for himself that the most Conservative and the most Catholic people in Europe are also the most democratic. To reasoning like this it would most likely be thought answer enough to say that one set of republicans cut off the head of Charles the First and that another set of republicans cut off the head of Lewis the Sixteenth. An English Puritan and a French Jacobin were about as unlike one another as any two kinds of men can be; but both were Republicans, both upset Kings, and, with thus much in common, any differences between them ought in loyal eyes to seem but small. There must surely be some degree of revulsion from this kind of talk, when the "Conservative Republic" is daily discussed as being, for one at least of the great nations of Europe, the form of government under which there is most chance of union, order, and stability. It is at least not from the Conservative point of view that either M. Thiers or those who have displaced him can be hailed as chiefs of a gang of cut-throats.

Now I am not arguing in favour of a republican form of government either in England or anywhere else. I am only claiming on behalf of those who are in favour of a change in the form of the Executive, that their notions are not to be looked on as something inherently wicked, any more than the notions of those who are in favour of a change in any other of our institutions. I am only arguing that the hereditary King is simply, like the elective Town-Councillor, something created by an Act of Parliament, and that it is no more sin to discuss the repeal of the Act which establishes the King than to discuss the repeal

of the Act which establishes the Town-Councillor. As for discussions about any one ideal form of government, they are simply idle. The ideal form of government is no government at all. The existence of government in any shape is a sign of man's imperfection. If we were all so wise and good as always to do exactly the right thing of our own accord, there would be no need of laws, lawgivers, or judges; the King and the Town-Councillor would be equally uncalled for. In an imperfect world some kind of government is needful; but what is the best kind of government for any particular community depends on endless circumstances which are perhaps not exactly the same in any two communities. Anything worthy to be called government — I shut out mere tyranny and mere anarchy as not being worthy to be called government — may be the best or the worst in its own time and place. What is best in an early state of society may not be the best in a state of highly elaborate civilization. What is best for a single city may not be best for a large nation. What is best for one race or one climate may not be best for another race or another climate. As a rule — again setting aside mere tyranny and mere anarchy — that form of government is best for any particular society which the circumstances of its history have given it. I do not mean that such a government may not need great reforms. But when a nation which is possessed of an historical form of government makes from time to time such reforms as are needed, it is simply carrying on the process by which that form of government came into being at all. The circumstances of our history have made us a constitutional monarchy, and I at least see no reason to wish to change that form of government for any other. We have got Kings, Lords, and Commons, and I believe that we shall go on best by keeping Kings, Lords, and Commons, only making such changes in the constitution of any of those branches as experience may show to be needful. All I ask is that the constitution, or even the existence, of one of the three be not thought more sacred, more beyond the reach of argu-

ment, than the constitution or the existence of the other two.

Our constitutional kingship, like any other form of government deserving to be called government, has its good and its bad side. But change, radical change, change which is not the mere improvement of detail but which breaks the continuity of institutions, is in itself an evil. Those who seek to change a monarchy into a republic — just like those who seek to change a republic into a monarchy — must be prepared to show, not only that the proposed change will be abstractedly for the better, but that it will be so much for the better as further to counterbalance the inherent evil of an organic change, of the snapping of a link between the past and the present. No doubt there are times and places where such a case may be made out, but it is incumbent on the man who proposes so great a change to make out such a case. I myself see no case for the abolition of kingship; I only ask for toleration for those who think otherwise. It seems to me that any radical change in the form of our Executive would do more harm than good. The worst side of our present system is not political but social. Where the existence of kingship works badly is in the spirit of grovelling flattery which it encourages. The habit of cringing to princes, of hiding or putting fair names on their vices, must have a bad moral effect; it must tend to deaden men's feelings of truth and right. And I suspect that this habit of prince-worship is one of the special evils of a constitutional monarchy, that it has more influence, and appears in a worse form, in a constitutional monarchy than it does in a despotism. But the spirit which goes down into the dirt at the mere hearing of the name of a Royal Highness would, under any other form of government, find something else to go down into the dirt before. For my own part I have no wish to disturb the existing form of our Executive, except perhaps in one way. The experience of the present reign shows that the duties of a constitutional sovereign are best discharged by a woman, and I suspect that, in order to make constitutional

monarchy at once respectable and lasting, the wisest thing would be to entail the Crown in the female line. Such a notion will of course be sneered at by those who find it easier to sneer than to think. But there can be little doubt that such a change would give constitutional royalty a new lease of another century or two. It is only the enemies of royalty who would expose it to the chance of another Charles the Second or George the Fourth.

But the object which I have now before me is to show, by the experience of history, that, when any state does make a change in the form of its Executive, whether it changes from a kingdom to a commonwealth, or from a commonwealth to a kingdom, the way to make the change lasting is to change as little as possible, to make no innovation beyond what is absolutely needed to bring about the object in hand. The received idea nowadays seems to be that, when a people makes a change of this kind, it is a necessary part of the business to make a clean sweep of everything, to upset the whole fabric of the State as well as the particular branch of it which it is wished to reconstruct—in short, to take a clean sheet of paper and write out the whole constitution afresh, because there are some clauses of it which call for an interlineation. This fancy is surely one main cause which has made it so impossible for France to set up any stable government of any kind since the overthrow of the old royal despotism. Commonwealth, Kingdom, Tyranny, all in this respect have been the same. Each has arisen as something altogether new; each has striven to cut itself off as much as might be from whatever went before it. Neither Commonwealth, Kingdom, nor Tyranny has had anything firmer to stand upon than the preference of the moment. Not one of them has had any historic basis, any roots going down into the past. It is the one good feature in the present provisional state of things that it has, more than any other government before it, come of itself. It is not the result of any theory. A Legislature was wanted; an Executive chief was wanted; and the

Legislature and the Executive chief came into being at the bidding of necessity. A government like this, if only people would let it alone and give it time to shape itself, would be more likely to grow into something really suited to the national wants than either kingdom or commonwealth elaborately sketched out on blank paper. The Republic without Republicans is so far really more hopeful than any more cunningly devised thing that could be put in its place. The thing is rough and imperfect—the form of its Executive I hold to be thoroughly bad—but it would be wiser to smooth it and fill up its gaps than to pull it down and set up something else from the ground. But if it or anything else is to live, it must avoid the evil which has sapped all other French governments. Commonwealth, Kingdom, and Tyranny have alike done their best to root out all real national life by crushing all free local institutions, by making everything depend, as by a mechanical law, on the one central power. It really matters little whether that central power be Commonwealth, King, or Tyrant, as long as it sets its Prefects openly to meddle at elections.

In looking at some of the most striking cases in which states have changed from kingdoms to commonwealths or from commonwealths to kingdoms, I wish to look at the matter, as far as may be, as a scientific study of political history, without entering on the moral aspect of the case either way. I wish to look at the process rather than at the object. My position is that a change of any kind is most likely to be done with the least amount of immediate mischief, and with the best hope of the new institutions being lasting, if those new institutions depart as little as possible from the old ones. This is equally true whether the change be one of which I or any one else may approve, or one which we may utterly condemn. It is equally true whether the change be from monarchy to republic or from republic to monarchy, from oligarchy to democracy or from democracy to oligarchy. But I may say that the greater ease with which changes

of this kind may be wrought under any particular form of government is so far a merit on behalf of that form of government. Of the two evils, despotism and oligarchy, it may be argued that oligarchy is the worse, because in a despotism there is at least the chance of the personal good disposition of the despot. But on the other side it may be argued that a despotism cannot be changed into a free government of any kind without altogether upsetting the existing state of things, and either setting up something new from the beginning or trying to call back again something which has altogether passed away. But an oligarchy may be changed into a democracy without any such sudden break. It may not even be necessary to change the names, the powers, or the terms of office of the magistrates or assemblies in which power is actually vested. It is very likely that all that is wanted may be gained by decreeing that the right of electing and being elected to those magistracies and assemblies shall be thrown open to the whole people, and no longer confined to some particular class of the people. No doubt, in a state where such a change as this is called for, other changes will be wanted as well. But in the case which I have put, the new magistrates and assemblies will be able to make such changes in the ordinary course of legislation, when the strictly constitutional changes are already made.

Of successive changes of this kind, wrought from time to time as they are needed, without ever building up again the constitutional fabric from its foundations, the history of Rome is the greatest of all examples. That most conservative of states was at various times an example of almost every form of government; but it never once had altogether to pull down and to build up again from the ground. Rome indeed never was, in form at least, a pure example of any of the three great forms of government; monarchic, aristocratic, and democratic elements were mingled in her constitution from the beginning; and all three went on to her latest days, if not in actual working, yet at least in the shape of formulæ and survivals. Without going into the disputed minutiae of Roman constitutional history, it is plain that our earliest glimpses set before us the three elements of the King, the Senate, and the popular Assembly. And the analogy of other states may lead us to guess that the purely elective kings of Rome,

had by a process familiar everywhere, succeeded to an ancient kingly house, just as, by a process no less familiar, the kingdom was, at the time of its abolition, fast passing away into the hands of a new kingly house. This however is a mere inference from analogy; but it is certain that, when the kingly office was abolished at Rome, the kingly power was not abolished, nor were the powers and relations of the other two branches of the state, the Senate and People, at all formally altered. All that was done was that, instead of choosing a king for life, the people now chose two magistrates clothed with kingly power, but holding it only for a year. It was presently found that the revolution had turned more to the advantage of one class of the people than of the people at large; by getting rid of the kings, the aristocratic element of the constitution gained the upper hand, and a series of struggles against Patrician domination followed. But what was the nature of those struggles? No man at Rome ever proposed wholly to wipe out the existing state of things and to start afresh. No man ever proposed to write out a new and symmetrical Roman constitution on a clean sheet of parchment or on a blank tablet of brass. No man ever proposed to abolish the Senate or the consulship, or even very greatly to lessen their powers. The utmost that was ever done was, as the kingly power had been put into commission in the hands of two Consuls, to put it again further into commission in the hands of a greater number of military tribunes. The object of all the plebeian struggles was, not to abolish anything, but to establish the right of the Commons to a voice and a share in everything. The Senate lost some of its powers but it lost them, not by the setting up of any new body in the state, but by the transfer of some of the powers of the Senate to bodies which were already in being. The great magistracies were thrown open to the Commons, but they were thrown open one by one, as a particular grievance was felt in a particular quarter. There was so little thought of mere symmetry on the point, that, in the case of a few offices which were either of small political importance or which seldom needed to be filled, no special measure was ever brought forward, and they remained confined to patricians to the last. New magistracies were often created; but their creation was simply the further carrying on of a process which had already

begun; the kingly or consular power was further divided among a greater number of holders. The most distinct innovation in the history of Roman constitutional progress is the foundation of the plebeian tribuneship with its wonderful power of checking the action of every other branch of the State. But it can hardly be thought that the tribuneship was actually called into being for the first time at the moment when it thus became one of the chief powers of the commonwealth. It is far more likely that the tribunes had all along been the chiefs of the *Plebs* in its character of a separate body, and that they were now only recognized as officers of the commonwealth as a whole. And their whole position is truly Roman. A check was needed on the arbitrary power of the patrician Consuls. A less conservative state would have abolished the consulship, or cut its powers down to something much smaller. The Roman remedy was to set up a plebeian office by its side, with no less arbitrary a power of forbidding than the Consul's power of acting. In this way Rome gradually changed the whole spirit and form of her government without ever having to fall back on first principles, without ever having, like modern states, to draw up a fresh constitution. It would not be perfectly correct to say that Rome changed from an aristocracy to a democracy, because she never was at any time an example of either of those forms of government in their purity. But she changed from a state in which the aristocratic element had the upper hand into one in which the democratic element had the upper hand. And no one could point to any particular moment at which the one element finally got the better of the other. There was no moment, as there was in many a Greek city, when the oligarchs drove out or massacred the commons, or when the commons drove out or massacred the oligarchs. The Roman constitution was always changing, but it was always changing by the strictly conservative process of changing only what there was absolute need for changing at that particular time. Rome had her reward in a degree of combined permanence and power to which no other commonwealth ever attained.

As in this way the Roman state changed, as we may roughly say, from monarchy to aristocracy, from aristocracy to democracy, without any sudden or violent sweeping away of things old or set-

ting up of things new, so the like happened when the commonwealth changed back again from democracy to monarchy. The Roman Empire owed its wonderful permanence to the fact that it was not brought in by a revolution, that it was not brought in even by one sweeping legislative vote. The Romans of the last days of the commonwealth were split up into parties and used to civil wars, but every man would have voted, every man would have fought against an open proposal for abolishing the powers of the Senate and People, and setting up an avowed monarch instead. They would even have voted and fought against a proposal which, without destroying the powers of the Senate and People, should have again united the powers of all the curule magistrates in the person of a single King. It is plain that the first Cæsar, without proposing anything like this, still went too far even for his own partisans in his evident wish for an avowed royalty, to be held perhaps in the provinces only. The younger Cæsar knew better. He abolished nothing, he changed nothing, he simply set up a new power which gradually and stealthily ate up all other powers. He received, as several others had received before him, extraordinary commissions for a term or for life. He combined offices and powers which had hitherto been kept separate, and so, without formally overthrowing anything old, without formally creating anything new, he founded a dominion which grew step by step into an acknowledged monarchy. The old institutions of the Commonwealth lived on, sometimes to die out without record of their extinction, sometimes to be formally abolished, not in the Old Rome but in the New. The first Cæsar wished to be King; the second Cæsar was satisfied with being practical master; and his power went on in one shape or another, under one title or another, till at last there came a King of the Romans in the eleventh century, and a King of Rome in the nineteenth. The motion of Antonius was at last carried; but those to whom Rome gave the kingly title could hardly be said to rule over her with the same full powers as those who had been contented with being chief of the Senate and the army, and who shrank with at least well-acted horror from the title of King or Lord.

Such is the lesson of Rome. A republic can supplant a monarchy; a monarchy can supplant a republic; and both can do the work all the more thoroughly and

all the more lastingly by keeping as much as possible, by destroying as little as possible, of the institutions which it supplants. Nor is the lesson of Athens different. It was only step by step that the old kingship changed into a board of nine magistrates chosen by lot, magistrates first in rank, but least in power, among the great officers of the commonwealth. It was only step by step that the exclusive dominion of the old patricians changed into the universal sovereignty of an assembly in which every citizen had an equal vote. Therefore the Athenian democracy was more stable, more lasting, than that of any other Grecian city. Its existence was interrupted by fewer revolutions, and those of a less violent kind, than any other Greek democracy. Once only, and that in her very earliest times, had Athens to bow to a tyranny, and that was the tyranny of one who scrupulously respected the outward forms of law. She had twice to bow to an oligarchy, but the oligarchy of the Thirty, under which her democratic institutions were for a moment utterly swept away, was simply forced upon her by a foreign power, and was overthrown the first moment that her citizens had strength to overthrow it. But the earlier oligarchy of the Four Hundred is, both in its rise and in its fall, an instructive example of the lesson which I am trying to teach. Its power lasted only four months; yet it arose step by step, and it was overthrown step by step. All that the oligarchs openly proposed was, not to abolish the Senate and the Assembly, but simply to make some changes in their constitution and mode of appointment. It was a transparent fallacy to say that it was no great change to limit the right of voting in the Assembly to five thousand citizens, because it was not often that so many as five thousand citizens appeared in any particular meeting of the Assembly. But it was a fallacy which implied the principle, however insidiously professed, not of recklessly upsetting the existing constitution, but, to say the least, of letting it down easily. And when the cheat was found out, when the short-lived oligarchy was overthrown, the full democracy was not restored at a single blow. The first cry was for the Five Thousand, the promised popular branch of the new constitution, as against the Four Hundred, the oligarchic branch. And several characteristic features of the old democracy remained in abeyance for a while. This was the only Revolution,

strictly so called, in Athenian history, the only time since the usurpation of Peisistratos when the constitution was changed in an illegal or irregular manner by the sole action of parties within the commonwealth, without any intervention of foreign force. In most Greek cities democracy succeeded to oligarchy and oligarchy succeeded to democracy, tyrannies were set up and were overthrown, far oftener and far more suddenly. At Athens the whole people had advanced so far in the great lesson of constitutional morality that even the promoters of an oligarchic revolution were obliged in some measure to assume a virtue, and to profess that they were only reforming the existing constitution, and not sweeping it away.

The later history of Europe goes on to teach us exactly the same lessons which are learned from the examples of the two great ancient commonwealths. At various times in European history, nations have broken away from kingly rule and have grown up into independent commonwealths, while in other states the sovereignty of a single man has taken the place of an older republican freedom. Several states both of Europe and of America owe their origin to changes of this kind. But where the change either way, the change from monarchy to republic or the change from republic to monarchy, has been really lasting, where the new government has really taken firm root, it will be found that there seldom was any particular moment when the new government could be called a new government. Except in cases of foreign intervention, where a new system has been brought in by force of arms, the change has commonly been made gradually and silently; the nation has gained its freedom or it has lost it, without its being possible to fix any exact date to the time when it was gained or lost. The institutions of the country have been changed only so far as was needful for the objects of political change, and in many cases they have been changed quite silently, as if without any set purpose, but merely by the gradual force of circumstances. The commonwealths which have been most lasting and most successful did not arise by changing the form of government in an existing nation by falling back on first principles, and drawing up, as something quite new, a republican instead of a monarchic constitution. We nowadays see a country like France or Spain keeping its old boundaries and its continuous na-

tional being, but changing its form of government from monarchy to republic or from republic to monarchy. But in the older commonwealths the nation was commonly formed along with the commonwealth. Most of them were parts of some larger dominion, where the central power was sometimes weak, sometimes oppressive, where it sometimes was thrown off and sometimes simply died out, so that the existing local authorities gradually grew into sovereign authorities, and the municipal liberties of a province or a city grew into the absolute independence of a sovereign people. They have in fact been formed, rather by separation from an existing government than by revolution in an existing government. Their growth has commonly made change in the map of Europe or in the map of the world as well as a change in the political constitution of some one of the existing states of Europe or of the world. It would seem, in short, that a commonwealth is more likely to be successful when it is formed by splitting off from some larger whole, than when the whole itself deliberately changes its form of government. Many principalities and kingdoms as well as commonwealths have been formed in this way; over and over again in the history of the world have huge empires split into pieces, through the governors of distant provinces, the satraps, pashas, dukes, counts, or nabobs, first practically and then openly throwing off their allegiance to the common sovereign. The process is exactly the same as that of which I am speaking in the case of commonwealths. In either case the immediate authority is not changed, but what was before local and subordinate gradually becomes sovereign.

This process, which happens equally in the case of principalities and of commonwealths, may even go on in the case of principalities and commonwealths side by side. It has done so in the case of the states, monarchic and republican, which split off from the old German Kingdom, and many of which have now come together again to form the new German Empire. Step by step, lieutenants of the King, landowners great and small, prelates and ecclesiastical corporations, shook off the authority of the common sovereign, till he became something between a nominal feudal lord and the president of a lax confederation. The new princes grew, till, almost within our own day, some of them took upon themselves to become kings on their own ac-

count. But while this process was going on with principalities, it was also going on with commonwealths, and it is with the commonwealths that we are now most concerned. The free cities of Germany, the commonwealths of Switzerland, both cities and lands (*Städte und Länder*), have simply arisen in this way, by the royal authority dying out, and by the local authority, aristocratic or democratic, thereby becoming sovereign. There was no moment when the people of any German city or any Swiss canton deliberately said, "We will be a republic," and drew up a wholly new constitution accordingly. They might from time to time have to make changes in the powers and constitution of their magistrates, councils, and assemblies; as the royal power became weaker and weaker, the local power became stronger and stronger; the city or district became an independent commonwealth instead of a municipality. But there was no moment when they had to create magistrates, councils, and assemblies all fresh, to take the place of a royal power which they had altogether cast aside. Indeed it cannot be said that the royal power ever was cast aside. The cities and lands had commonly to defend their rights, not against the Emperor but against some neighbouring lord. The Emperors often found it their interest to favour the freedom of the growing commonwealths, as some counterpoise to the more dangerous power of the princes. The city or district did not think of claiming complete independence; its object was to win for itself the *Reichsfreiheit*, the *Reichsunmittelbarkeit*; that is, to have no superior intermediate between them and the Emperor — in other words, to have no king but Cæsar. Such a condition amounted to practical independence; but such independence did not necessarily sever the formal tie between the commonwealth and its Imperial lord. In the case of those cities which remained within the boundaries of Germany in the later sense, the connection between the Emperor and the cities — a connection closer and more friendly than that between the Emperor and the princes — lasted till the Empire fell in pieces altogether. A coin of Hamburg in the last century, with the Towers of the city on one side and the Eagle of Cæsar on the other, is a speaking sign of the way in which a commonwealth could combine full practical independence with the formal acknowledgement of the superiority of a lord who was in no way dan-

gerous. The Swiss cities and lands went a step further — indeed, it is the fact that they did go a step further which makes the difference between Germany and Switzerland. Switzerland, the old Switzerland, the Thirteen Cantons, is simply that part of Germany where the commonwealth did take that further step. The royal power utterly died out, partly no doubt because, when the royal power was lodged in the hands of Austrian Archdukes, it was no longer the harmless and friendly power which it had been in the hands of Frederick of Hohenstaufen or Lewis of Bavaria. When the Confederates refused to have anything to do with the new institutions of Maximilian, when they refused to submit to the jurisdiction of the Imperial Chamber, we may look on their practical connection with the Empire as coming to an end. But the tie was not formally broken till the solemn acknowledgement of their independence at the Peace of Westphalia.

The commonwealths of Germany and Switzerland thus set before us one side of the process of which we speak, how commonwealths may best be formed by the dying out of kingly power, without its being overturned by revolution, even without its ever being formally abolished. Happily those commonwealths are not able to give an example of its other side, of the way in which a commonwealth may pass in the same way silently and stealthily, under princely rule. They have shrunk up into oligarchies within, or they have been suppressed bodily from without; but no renegade aristocratic or democratic leader has ever founded a permanent dominion as prince or tyrant in any Swiss or German city. The Italian cities which also split off from the Empire teach us both how freedom may be won and also how it may be lost. In any Italian city it would be hard to say at what exact moment the Imperial power finally came to an end, as the Emperors so commonly kept certain external rights, sometimes profitable, sometimes honorary, long after the commonwealths enjoyed full internal independence. But there is this difference between the Italian and the German examples, that in so many cities of Italy, in all for instance which ever formed part of the Lombard League, their liberties were largely won by an armed struggle against the Emperors. Still even here there was no one moment when a republican constitution was set up as something fresh and complete. By the peace

of Constanx, Frederick Barbarossa practically acknowledged the independence of certain revolted commonwealths; in form he put forth a law — a novel — for the regulation of certain cities of his dominions. The Milanese themselves would have been amazed if they had been told that they had broken all ties with the Roman Empire and the Roman Cæsar. In fact, in the cities of Northern Italy we can hardly say that there was any time when they were absolutely free at once from the external sovereign and from the internal tyrant. But as the power of the sovereign died out step by step, so the power of the tyrant grew up step by step. In some cases doubtless, in mediæval Italy as in old Greece, the tyrant reigned by sheer force; but he was more usually a leader of one party or another, who obtained a power which was inconsistent with freedom, and which gradually grew, first into an acknowledged lordship, and then into an hereditary principality. Florence, whose day of greatness was later and longer than that of the Lombard cities, gives us the best examples of the stages by which a family of popular leaders could grow into a family of princes. The power of the Medici grew up even more stealthily than the power of the Cæsars; for the Cæsars received special commissions and combined powers which were meant to be checks on each other, while the power of the Medici began in a mere power of influence. Yet it was an influence which soon became hereditary, so truly hereditary that it could pass to the great Cosmo's incapable son, and could be exercised by others on his behalf, just as if it had been a power known to the law. In the next generation Lorenzo begins to have the feelings of a prince, and when the family are driven out in the generation after that, they begin to be looked on, not as ordinary banished citizens, but as princes deprived of their inheritance. In fact each time that they are driven out they seem in their banishment, to draw nearer to the character of acknowledged princes. After the final fall of Florence, she has to receive one of the now hated house, with the title of Duke, with the power of tyrant, though he is even now in name, like the Duke of Venice or Genoa, Duke of what is still called a commonwealth. One stage more, and Florence vanishes as a separate state, and is simply the capital of a Tuscan Grand Duchy. All this came step by step. Had it been pro-

posed a hundred years earlier openly to abolish the democratic constitution, and to make Cosmo Duke of an avowed principality, most likely not a vote, certainly not that of Cosmo himself, would have been given for such a scheme.

The near neighbour of Italy, the mistress for so long a time of no small portion of her soil, the Commonwealth of Venice, gives also, in its long history, some of the best examples of a gradual change from one form of government to another. Her Dukes, from lieutenants of the Eastern Emperor, gradually changed into princes of a virtually independent state, and then gradually changed from princes into republican magistrates, watched more closely as to their actual powers than other republican magistrates, because, in the titles which they bore and in the duration of their office, the shadow, and now and then the substance, of their old princely powers still clove to them. So again, in the constitution of the councils and assemblies of the commonwealth, it was only step by step, by a series of enactments, and by their gradual practical effects, that there arose that rigidly oligarchic Great Council by whose side the old popular assembly gradually died out without ever being formally abolished. In the thirteen hundred years of her history, Venice went through endless changes in her form of government, without ever absolutely starting afresh. It would be hard to fix the exact moment at which she ceased to be part of the dominions of the Eastern Cæsar. It would be equally hard to fix the exact moment at which the oligarchic element in her internal constitution finally swallowed up both the princely and the popular elements. The law is the same, whether a prince is to be overthrown or a prince is to grow up, whether a people is to break down the privileges of an oligarchy or an oligarchy is to set aside the ancient rights of a people. In either case, where the work for good or for evil has been lasting, we shall find that it has not been the work of a moment of revolution, not the work of theoretical reformers who have pulled down one thing to the ground and built up another in its place: it has been the work of those who, whether they were serving their own interests or those of the state, whether they were guided by happy instinct or by a conscious conviction, practically knew that the system which they set up would be more stable and more lasting, if it could be made to grow out of the system

which it supplanted, instead of suddenly taking its place.

Let us take the case of another famous European Commonwealth, which shone for a while in European history with a brilliance quite out of proportion to its lasting physical strength. The Kingdom of the Netherlands, the successor of the Confederation of the United Provinces, would probably, like the kingdom of Sweden, hold a higher position in Europe than it now does, if it had held a somewhat lower position two hundred years back. But, however this may be, this small corner of the world, once so mighty and still so flourishing and peaceful, gives us further examples of the same law which we have been tracing throughout. Like the other confederation at the other end of the German kingdom, Holland, Zealand, and their sister provinces, were simply members of that kingdom, which circumstances caused to split off from the main body, and thus to found a new state and a new nation. The process of separation however was different in the two cases. The Seven Provinces, along with the kindred provinces to the south of them, became gradually united in the hands of the Dukes of Burgundy, and the Dukes of Burgundy, by the accidents of female succession, grew into Kings of Spain. Members of the Empire held by such powerful sovereigns as these virtually ceased to be members of the Empire. Their momentary reunion with the Empire under Charles the Fifth, their separation from it at his abdication, only helped to show where the true power of Charles really lay, how weak the Empire was when the Emperor was mightiest. Having virtually fallen away from their Imperial overlord, they next fell away from their immediate sovereign, or rather they did not so much fall away as they were driven away. The first founders of the Commonwealth did not begin with any wish to abolish princely government, or even to throw off the authority of the particular prince whom so strange a chain of accidents had given them. Had Philip of Spain chosen to govern his distant dependencies according to law and justice, they would assuredly not have revolted against him, either to get rid of kings altogether or to exchange the King of Spain for any other king. The distant dependency of a powerful state, if ruled in strict conformity to its own laws, has a strong tendency to loyalty. Such a state unites in a great degree the freedom of a small state with

the security of a great one; the distant master is not so much a master as a powerful ally and protector. If Philip had simply known how to deal with his distant possessions, they might have remained as warmly attached to Spain as Bourdeaux and Bayonne were to England in the fifteenth century, or as the Channel Islands are in the nineteenth. It was long before the revolted provinces formally threw off their allegiance to Philip; when they did so, their first object was to seek a prince elsewhere; they drifted into a republic simply because neither England, France, nor Austria could give them a prince fit for their purpose. Then again a time came when the contrary process began to work, when, in the hereditary Stadholder, a step was taken towards a return to princely rule. Then came the time when the United Provinces were swallowed up in the general chaos, and came out of it at last with the hereditary Stadholder changed into an acknowledged King. In such a history as this we might almost forget to notice that, at a time long after the provinces had grown into a practically independent state and into a practically separate nation, among the changes made at the Peace of Westphalia, their immediate sovereign, King of Castile, Duke of Burgundy, Count of Holland, and all the rest, and their overlord the King of Germany and Roman Emperor-elect, formally acknowledged that no jurisdiction over the Seven Provinces belonged to either of them in any of their many characters. Here again the central, or rather external, authority was thrown off, and the authority of the immediate sovereign was thrown off only by dint of a terrible war. But even in this case things did not start again from the beginning. The authorities which had been local and subordinate now became national and sovereign; the officer who had been the representative of a prince became the chief magistrate of a commonwealth; a new bond of union was put in the place of the old; a new state and a new nation were founded; but the continuity of the essential institutions of the country was never broken till the later days of foreign invasion; it was in fact to preserve those essential institutions unbroken that the authority of a sovereign who disregarded them was cast aside.

We may even go a step further, and appeal to the example of the great English Commonwealth beyond the Ocean.

The United States certainly separated themselves from the Crown of Great Britain by a single formal act, by an act which appealed largely to first principles, by an act which, as compared with the history of the United Provinces, came early in the struggle for independence. But the example of the United States none the less shows that the most successful commonwealths are those where the state and the nation are founded together, where a government which was formerly municipal becomes sovereign by casting off the external power, and where no more change is made than is really needful for the object in hand. The separation of the United States from England was sudden as compared with the separation of Switzerland from the Empire, or even with that of the United Provinces from Spain. But it was not done hastily; the Declaration of Independence was not the first act of the war; still less was it the first act of the struggle. A new power, a new nation, was formed by the union of the thirteen Colonies, which before had been united only by common allegiance to the British Crown, into a Confederation, joined together, first by a laxer, then by a closer, federal tie. And in the Federal Constitution which in the end was formed, we ought, under the circumstances, to be far more struck by its points of likeness than by its points of unlikeness to the constitution of the mother country. As at Rome, the kingly power was not abolished. It was simply transferred from a hereditary chief holding his office for life, to an elective chief holding his office for a term. The chief so chosen was clothed with powers certainly far smaller than those with which the written law clothes an English king, but certainly far greater than any powers which the conventional constitution allows an English king to exercise according to his personal pleasure. The authors of the American Constitution lighted on the truth that, whatever may be thought of the system of two Chambers in an ordinary kingdom or commonwealth, in a Federal State the two Chambers are absolutely necessary, if the two elements of the Confederation are both to be fairly represented. But we may doubt whether this truth would have been so clearly brought home to their minds, if they had not been familiar with the system of two Houses, both in the mother country and in many of its colonies. Even as regards the Federal Constitution, where there was necessarily

most change, there was as little change from the English model as circumstances would allow. But it is not in the Federal Constitution, which, as a treaty between independent States, was necessarily what is called a paper constitution, that we are to look for the real continuity of the United States. We must look for it in the States themselves. By virtue of the Declaration of Independence, each of the colonies changed from a dependency into a sovereign State. But it was not thereby called on to break with the past, and to begin its political life afresh. As with the Swiss Cantons, as with the Batavian Provinces, the governments which had before been dependent and municipal went on as independent and sovereign. Each State made such changes in its Constitution as it found expedient; some change was needed whenever the Executive had in colonial times been nominated in the mother country. But the mere title of Governor, still the usual—I believe the universal—title of the chief magistrates of the several States, a title whose sound seems to tell of dependence and monarchic rule, is, like that of Stadholder, a remarkable witness to the continuity between the dependent government of the Colony and the sovereign government of the State. In Rhode Island above all, where the colonists chose their own Executive, and where the whole constitution of the colony was highly democratic, the new State went on under the unchanged Charter of Charles the Second far into the present century. The original constitutions of the States were by no means drawn up closely according to one pattern, and some of them could by no means be set down as cases of extreme democracy. The points in which the States, or any of them, have, whether for good or for evil, departed most widely from English models, are due mainly to later changes, and not to anything that was done at the time of the separation. Still all has been done in the way of gradual and regular legislation. The change at the time was as small, the breach was as slight, as well could be under the circumstances. The gap between colonial America and independent America, though it involved, not only a change in the form of government, but the formation of a new power and a new nation, is hardly so wide as the gap which divides France under her old kings from France under any of the shifting forms of government which have risen and fallen since her great Revolution.

We may end our examples by coming down from the greatest of Commonwealths to one of the smallest. Two of the great nations of Europe now call themselves republics; one of the greatest European questions is whether republican forms can live and thrive in either of them. It has perhaps not come into the mind of the statesmen of either France or Spain that an old unchanged republic lies between them. No telegram, no special correspondent, ever deigns to tell us, but the students of political science would be glad to know, with what feelings the ancient Commonwealth of Andorra looks at such a moment as this upon the younger sisters on either side of her. France and Spain are republics of yesterday, republics founded on theories; Andorra is a republic of the same class as living Uri and fallen Dithmarschen, a commonwealth which has kept its local freedom while the central power has fallen asunder. Such another is San Marino, which it is to the honour of the kingdom which surrounds it to have left in full enjoyment of its immemorial rights. Andorra indeed is not a perfectly independent state; it has always had an external lord or an external protector. But so had Dithmarschen; so had Uri, till the superiority of the Emperors was formally abolished. The superiority, or rather protectorate, of the Bishops of Urgel and the Counts of Foix did not interfere with the internal independence of the Commonwealth; neither does the protectorate which, having been held by several Kings of France in their character of Counts of Foix, has, by what right is not very clear, passed not only to French Kings but to French Commonwealths and Tyrants. Andorra, like most other parts of the world, may possibly need changes within, but she is not likely to seek to better herself by incorporation with either of her greater neighbours. The question rather is whether France or Spain might not be led to seek for peace and stability in incorporation by Andorra.

I may here meet two possible objections which in truth are only two forms of the same. It may be asked whether the only way of forming republics is by division, by making states smaller in days when the general tendency of things is to make states larger. I answer that the experience of Europe for the last six hundred years certainly shows that the most successful commonwealths have been those which have split off from

larger states, but that it also shows that no states have had so strong a tendency to grow as these same commonwealths when they have split off. It is in the nature of a federation, whenever its geographical position allows it, to be constantly annexing new members or throwing off new branches. This is true alike of Achaia, Ætolia, Switzerland, and the United States. Only in the Ætolian and Swiss cases there was the great blot—redressed in the present state of things in Switzerland—that so much territory was annexed in the form, not of equal confederates, but of subject districts. Of this last evil there at least is no chance in our times. All modern states, whatever their form of government, make it their principle to admit all their members—unless indeed geographical position makes it absolutely impossible—to equal rights. And again it may be asked whether my argument shows that it is absolutely impossible for an existing kingdom to exchange its monarchic form of executive for a republican one. I answer that the experience of modern Europe certainly shows that the process is easier in cases where a province asserts its independence of the common king, than when a whole state changes its form of executive from monarchic to republican. But it does not prove that the latter process is impossible, while the examples of the ancient commonwealths clearly show that it is possible. What my argument goes to show is that it is a thing not to be done either lightly or hastily, not to be done out of mere love of a theory, but only if practical needs plainly call for it, and that when the change is made, it will be wise to let it be done as smoothly and warily as possible, and, if it can be, to leave other changes that may be needed to be matter for future legislation. I am far from saying that either a French or a Spanish Republic is impossible, though it certainly strikes me that a separatist kingdom in the North of Spain and a separatist commonwealth in the South have either of them more chance than a commonwealth taking in the whole country. One of the disadvantages of modern times, to be set against their many advantages, is that, in our state of publicity and discussion and what we may call universal consciousness, it is hardly possible for circumstances to work, and for changes to be made, in the same silent and gradual way in which they were made in simpler states of political life.

The virtue of all those cases of gradual change of which we have been speaking lies in the fact that each stage, in whatever direction, came of itself as it was wanted at any particular time; none of them were, or could have been, planned beforehand. The men of the Three Lands, when they made their league in 1291, took a step which led to the separation of themselves and their neighbours from the Empire and to the creation of a new European nation. But they most certainly dreamed of nothing of the kind, and, if they had dreamed of it, and had tried to do it all at once, they would most certainly have failed. In our state of things we cannot always act in this way. They carried out part of a whole, because they had no idea that it was part of a whole because they simply did what was needful in their own times, without thinking of what might be needful in times to come. We live faster than they did; we see further than they did. We cannot, if we would, help planning and theorizing in a way which never came into their heads. If we change at all, our changes must be more sudden and more complete than theirs. Still I think that we may learn some lessons from the experience of past times, the lesson that, whenever changes in forms of government are necessary, to take care that nothing is changed for the mere sake of change, that such changes only are made as the practical needs of the case clearly call for.

It may perhaps be said, that in some late revolutions this is exactly what has been done, that among the late changes in France, and even in Spain as far as formal enactments are concerned, there has been no such general breaking up of everything as there was in France at the time of the great Revolution. The confusions in Spain, it may be said, are not so much owing to any changes made by the new republican Government as to two parties in opposite directions which refuse to accept the new republican Government. It may be said that both in France and in Spain something very like the old relations between the Executive and Legislative powers go on, notwithstanding the removal of the monarchical head. There is, as there was before, a Ministry whose chief and whose other members appear in the Assembly, announce their policy, make their explanations, receive the approval or the censure of the Assembly for their conduct. In France again, whatever we may say of

Spain at this moment, the general local administration of the country goes on exactly the same, notwithstanding all wars and revolutions. Now this last fact, as I have already said, is the thing of all others which most needs changing. And, though France will assuredly do best by starting from the point where she actually is, yet the form of the Executive, if it can be said to have any form, is one of the first things to be got rid of. The continuance of something like the ordinary relations between Ministry and Parliament is, under the existing state of things, not a good but a bad feature. The relations between the French Executive and Assembly are essentially unstable. In England we can change our actual rulers at any moment by a vote of the House of Commons. A change of Ministry, a "change of Government" as it is now more ominously called, is really no interruption to the ordinary course of government. The whole machinery of the public administration goes on just the same during a "ministerial crisis" as at any other time. There is no break; there is no interregnum; the old Ministers go on with their duties till the new Ministers are actually clothed with their office; the administration of justice, the regular carrying on of the endless branches of public business throughout the country, suffers no interruption, no shock of any kind. But this is because there is something behind the actual rulers, because, beyond the changing ministers, there is the Sovereign who remains unchanged, and in whose name everything goes on just as usual, whoever his advisers at headquarters may be. Here is the great advantage of a constitutional monarchy; it gives one form of stability, purchased of course by whatever disadvantages we may hold to be attached to monarchical government. In the United States again, from another cause, a change of government, though perhaps more serious than in England, involves no break, no interregnum, no general upsetting or shaking of things. The old President stays in till the day when his term of office comes to an end, and then the new President, already elected, takes his place. Here is another form of stability purchased by the disadvantage that there is an Executive and a Legislature, each of which, as being chosen by popular election, may alike claim to represent the popular will, and neither of which can get rid of the other during the time for which it is chosen; so that it is, as experi-

ence has shown, perfectly possible for the executive and the legislative branches of the government to be almost in a state of war during a whole presidency. The advantages and disadvantages of these two systems may be balanced against one another, and both may be compared with that third form which knows no personal chief whether hereditary or elective, but which rests the executive power in a Council chosen by the Assembly for the term of its own being, and whose members can appear and join in debate in either house of the Assembly at pleasure. But there can be little doubt that any of these systems is better than that which lacks the stability alike of King, President, and Council, which has a Ministry without a King, a Ministry, which, it seems, can be at any time deposed or driven to resignation, and whose deposition or resignation carries with it at least a momentary interregnum. There is nothing revolutionary about the process by which an English Minister is made to feel that he had better resign, and an English King is made to feel that he had better accept his minister's resignation; there is nothing revolutionary about the process by which a new President in America, a new Federal Council in Switzerland, succeeds to the one which has just gone out of office; but there is something revolutionary about the process by which Marshal MacMahon has succeeded to M. Thiers, and by which somebody else may succeed to Marshal MacMahon. An Executive of this kind is a sort of confusion between the English and the American idea, and it certainly does not possess the advantages of either. Under no system is the legislature so constantly tempted to neglect the practical work of legislation for movements to keep in or to turn out this or that executive chief. Under no system is the executive chief himself placed under such constant temptations to attempt an illegal extension or prolongation of his powers. The ministry, the cabinet, the ministerial crisis, are all things belonging to the subtle conventional system of a constitutional monarchy; in an avowed commonwealth they are out of place.

Another point is that, because Spain has fallen into a state of great confusion, at the moment of the announcement of the Federal principle as one to be followed in the new state of things, shallow people are of course beginning to cry out that here is a proof of the badness and weakness of the Federal principle every-

where. Of course, if any one had ever said that a Federal form of government was the best for all times and places, there would be force in the argument. But as no sane person ever maintained that a Federal form of government, or any other form of government, was the best for all times and places, the question is simply whether a Federal system is or is not suited to the circumstances of Spain in the nineteenth century. Hitherto confederations have been formed, not by dividing what was already more closely united, but by joining more or less closely what was before more widely separated. This is the history of the great Federal states of Europe and America. The states of which they were formed had very often already split off from some central power, but the object of the Federal tie was to bring them gradually to form a new power. Its effect has generally been to bring them together nearer and nearer; and, if it should so happen that either Switzerland or the United States should ever forsake the Federal form of their constitutions, and should form themselves into indivisible or unitarian commonwealths, that will be no argument against the Federal system, in its proper time and place, but quite the contrary. A number of separate units which could not have been forced into one whole by any sudden process, will have been gradually fused together by going through the intermediate stage of a Federal union. I myself greatly doubt whether Switzerland can be made into a perfectly united state, except at the cost both of the Romance and of the Catholic Cantons. But, if it can be done, it will prove, not the weakness of the Federal tie but its strength; it will show how strong that tie has been in binding together what could not have been bound together in any other way. But the Spanish experiment is of a directly opposite kind; Federalism there does not mean closer union but further division. Never before in European history have the provinces or counties or departments of a consolidated kingdom or commonwealth deliberately set to work to undo the closer tie, and to fall back upon the form of independent cantons of a confederation. The late German Confederation certainly arose out of the fragments of a kingdom, but it arose by putting together fragments which had already split asunder. The old *Bund*, lax as was its union, awkward as were its forms, was still, when it was set up, a step in the direction, not

of division, but of consolidation. But the Spanish experiment is like nothing which has before been tried in Europe. If it fails to succeed, its failure cannot prove anything against former experiments of a wholly different kind, and which have succeeded. If it succeeds, it will have established a new truth in the science of politics, namely, that a Federal system may succeed under circumstances unlike any under which such a system has ever been tried before. A Federal union may be looked on as the half-way house between total separation and perfect union. But it is the nature of a half-way house that people should meet at it whose faces are turned different ways. And it often makes all the difference in the world as to success or failure in which way a man's face is turned. The people who have begun to babble in this kind of way seem not to have learned this very simple truth.

"Stand fast in the old paths;" "Respect the wisdom of your forefathers;" are the sayings which the dull Conservative throws in the teeth of Reformers. If his scholarship goes as far as a little ecclesiastical Greek, he perhaps adds *τὰ ὑποκείμενα ἐν κρατίει*. All these are very good sayings; but it is to the Reformer and not to the Conservative that they belong. The Reformer obeys them; the Conservative tramples them under foot. The wisdom of our forefathers consisted in always making such changes as were needed at any particular time; we may freely add, in not making greater changes than were needed at that particular time. The old path was ever a path of reform; the ancient customs will ever be found to be far freer than these modern innovations which men whose notion of the good old times does not go back beyond Charles the First or Henry the Eighth fondly look upon as ancient. If a man will cast aside the prejudices of birth and party, if he will set himself free from the blind guidance of lawyers, he will soon learn how very modern indeed is the antiquity of the Tory. All his idols, game-laws, primogeniture, the hereditary King, the exclusive hereditary legislator, the sacred and mysterious nature of anything that is called "Royal Highness," the standing army with its commands jobbed for money—all these venerable things are soon found to be but things of yesterday, by any man who looks with his eyes open into the true records of the immemorial—there are lands in which we may say the eternal—democracy of our race.

The two grand idols of lawyers, the King and the Lord of the Manor, are soon found to be something which has not been from eternity, something which has crept in unawares, something which has gradually swallowed up the rights and the lands which once belonged to the people. Do I plead for any violent dispossession of either? There is no man from whose mind such a thought is further removed. Whatever exists by law should be changed only by law, and when things, however wrongful in their origin, have become rightful by long prescription, even lawful changes are not to be made hastily or lightly. But it is well to remind babblers that the things which they most worship, which they fondly believe to be ancient, are, in truth, innovations on an earlier state of things towards which every modern reform is in truth a step backwards. It is well to remind them that the prerogatives of the hereditary King, of the hereditary noble, of the territorial potentate, can all of them be historically shown to be encroachments on the ancient rights of the people. It does not follow that anything is to be changed recklessly; it does not follow that anything need be changed at all. But it does follow that none of these things are so ancient and sacred as to be beyond the reach of discussion, so ancient and sacred that it is wicked even to think of the possibility of changing them. I see no reason to meddle with our constitutional monarchy—that is, to make a change in the form of our executive government—because I hold that, while it has its good and its bad points, its good points overbalance the bad. But I hold that a man who thinks otherwise has as good a right to maintain his opinion, and to seek to compass his ends by lawful means, as if it were an opinion about school-boards or public-houses or the equalization of the county and borough franchise. I respect the kingly office as something ordained by law, and I see no need to alter the law which ordains it. But I can go no further. I cannot take on myself to condemn other nations, nor can I hasten to draw general inferences from single instances. But I do hold that the witness of history teaches us that, in changing a long-established form of executive government, whether it be the change of a kingdom into a commonwealth or of a commonwealth into a kingdom, the more gently and warily the work is done, the more likely it is to be lasting.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

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EDGAR WAYNE'S ESCAPE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

I.

A GREAT many people in Lorton shook their heads when they heard that Edgar Wayne was to be the new pastor of Meadow Street Chapel. The most censorious, however, could not bring forward many serious objections. He was very young, said some, for so responsible a charge, but time could be trusted to remedy that defect. Others doubtfully hoped that he had been seriously called to the ministry, and that worldly motives had had nothing to do with his choice of the Church as a profession. A third party sincerely wished he might be sound; but young Mr. Wayne had been educated at Cambridge, where, as everybody knows, Rationalism is only too much in vogue: while his predecessor, Mr. Bonnyman, who was as orthodox as the most exacting congregation could require, had never been inside a college all his lifetime. But Edgar Wayne's greatest fault was that he was a native of Lorton. A prophet has rarely honour in his own country; and the people among whom he had been born and brought up, and who looked upon him as one of themselves, could hardly think of Edgar Wayne with the respect and feeling of reverence which were due to the minister of Meadow Street Chapel. Meadow Street Chapel was the most aristocratic and orthodox of Dissenting congregations. Everybody of any social standing in Lorton went there; and there would be quite a crush of carriages at the east door on a rainy afternoon. The two Misses Fernside, old Squire Fernside's co-heiresses, were devoted adherents to the Meadow Street Chapel, although they had been Churchwomen in their father's lifetime; and gossip had not failed to spitefully remark how closely Miss Cecilia's "awakening" had coincided with Dr. Wordly the Rector's marriage. The Waynes had always been Dissenters; and it was by their exertions and liberality that a congregation had been first formed in Lorton. There were old folks in town who could remember when Bartholomew Wayne came to Lorton as a poor pedlar about the outbreak of the first French Revolution. Religious liberality was not so well understood then as nowadays, but the villagers could not help being favourably disposed to the pushing young man who was so regular in his conduct and so honest in his dealings,

and they overlooked his studied absence from the parish church. By-and-by the pack grew into a shop, the shop into a warehouse, and the warehouse into a bank, until the Waynes came to be looked upon as one of the wealthiest and most respectable families not only in Lorton but in the whole county; and there was very little doubt that, if Lorton were to return a Member, in conjunction with Hornham and Combeport—as many good politicians averred that it ought to do—Mr. Silas Wayne's name would be at the head of the poll. It was the Wayne family that had built the original little brick meeting-house in Meadow Street; that had borne the greater part of the cost of the present elegant chapel forty years later; that had enlarged and decorated it ten years afterwards; and that had endowed both chapel and schools with a handsome annual income. There were other rich merchants in Lorton who would not be outdone by the Waynes in munificence; and the Dissenting pastor drew a better stipend than Dr. Wordly of the Established Church did, with all his glebes and tithes to help him; and still a large surplus was left for charitable and congregational purposes.

It was not strange, then, that when Mr. Bonnyman was struck down with paralysis, the heads of the congregation should have made up their minds as to Edgar Wayne's being the next minister before the old man's breath was out. The Waynes themselves, of course, could not move in the matter, but there were plenty of people in Lorton anxious to oblige the banker's family. So the Hoskines, and the Lanes, and the Cheshams, and the other heads of the congregation, took counsel together, and unanimously agreed that young Mr. Wayne was just the man to suit them, and that in fact, no other person need apply for the vacancy. There was naturally a good deal of grumbling among the other members when, along with the tidings of Mr. Bonnyman's death, they received the news that a successor had been already selected. Goodsir, the grocer, pointed out to everybody who came into his shop that this was but another instance of the arbitrary manner in which the affairs of the congregation were being conducted; and that goodness only knew where it was all to end, unless members stood up more firmly for their rights. Phillips, the chemist, who had aspired in vain to be an office-bearer for the last ten years, said that this was a fresh proof of how

badly the deacon's court wanted new blood in it, and members had themselves to thank for such a slight when they allowed all the power to be usurped by an exclusive clique. And Swift, the manufacturer, who had made a fortune before he had made for himself a position in the little society of Lorton, cried out loudly against the arrogance of the aristocracy, and their unchristian disregard for the feelings of their fellow-members. If he were to have any voice in the matter, every man in the church should have his free vote, and the election should be determined by the voices of the majority; if their freedom as a congregation was to be sacrificed in this manner, they might as well belong to the Established Church or to the Roman Catholics at once. But when old Mr. Chesham stood up at the church-meeting and announced that, after due consideration, and with a deep sense of their responsibility, a committee of the congregation had determined to invite their young townsman, Mr. Edgar Wayne, to become the successor of their late lamented pastor, and were now willing to have the opinion of the brethren on the subject—where then were Messrs. Goodsir, Phillips, and Swift, and the other mouthpieces of popular discontent? Goodsir perhaps bethought himself how great a convenience it would be if a certain bill of his, due at Wayne's bank in about a fortnight, could be renewed for another term; and Phillips had shaken hands with Mr. Silas Wayne a few days before at the railway station, when the banker had said how much pleasure it would give him if they could have the advantage of Mr. Phillips's activity and experience in the deacon's court, and had promised to lend the chemist his hearty support at the next election. As for Swift, an invitation to second Mr. Chesham's proposal had converted that gentleman into one of Mr. Wayne's staunchest supporters; and when he rose to speak, he went much farther length than even Mr. Chesham had done in eulogizing the good qualities of their proposed pastor. At first, as Mr. Smith frankly confessed, he had been inclined to prejudice the selection of the committee, and to fear that their choice had been regulated more by social considerations than by a regard for the welfare of the Church; but it was the duty of independent men to try every case upon its own merits and apart from prejudice. Careful inquiry had convinced him, not only that Mr. Edgar Wayne was the best candidate

whom they could pitch upon, regard being had to his Christian character, education, and ministerial gifts, but that the Meadow Street Church might account itself truly fortunate if its members could induce so pious, so excellent, but for his youth he would say so eminent, a divine as Mr. Edgar Wayne to become its pastor. They all knew him (Mr. Swift) that he was not a man to allow his judgment to be biased by wealth or worldly position; and if he could think that there was another man who would do better service to the congregation and the cause of the Gospel than Mr. Edgar Wayne, he might command his (Mr. Swift's) warmest support were he the son of the poorest man in Lorton; but men of Mr. Wayne's stamp were rare—mournfully rare—in these evil times. A little buzz—the nearest approach to applause admissible in such a place—followed Mr. Swift's peroration; and after that, all thoughts of opposition were at an end, although many doubts and misgivings continued to be bandied about regarding Edgar Wayne's capacity for ministerial work.

It has been said already that the Meadow Street Chapel was rigidly orthodox. Its doctrines held hard and fast by the lines of the Puritan fathers, and a dash of Calvinism had imparted to it a more than ordinary rigidity. Mr. Bonnyman had been a shrewd, self-educated Scot, whose theology was strongly flavoured by the tenets of his Presbyterian countrymen, but whose national prudence had taught him to modify his opinions to the views of his English hearers. Thus, though Predestination and Election, the Infallibility of the Elect and a Limited Atonement, were standing canons on the Meadow Street statute-book—and to doubt them would have been regarded as the rankest heresy—one might have listened to Mr. Bonnyman from year's end to year's end without catching the slightest allusion to any of these dogmas. The Meadow Street Chapel was animated by a keen missionary spirit. Not a congregation in the county raised a larger sum per member for evangelical purposes, and nowhere was an appeal for funds in aid of any denominational enterprise more cordially responded to than in Lorton. But Meadow Street could afford to be thus munificent without being taunted with the trite adage that "charity begins at home." There were no poor in Mr. Bonnyman's congregation, for all the members were well-to-

do householders, and prosperous shopkeepers at the least. Of course there were both poverty and vice in Lorton as in every other town of the same size; and at one period in his career Mr. Bonnyman had been brought face to face with the alternative of facing these evils or shirking his duty. But though a hard, unimpressionable man, Mr. Bonnyman was too sensible of his responsibilities as a minister to turn his back to the needy and to wash his hands of his erring brethren. It was at this juncture that old Mr. Bartholomew Wayne and Mr. Hoskins, the two richest men in the congregation, had come forward and volunteered to erect a new mission chapel in Factory Lane for the destitute part of the population, provided the other members would aid them in endowing the building. The reason assigned by these worthy men was, that Mr. Bonnyman, in justice to his present congregation, could not enter upon a wider field of labour; but the censorious did not hesitate to allege that neither Mr. Wayne nor Mr. Hoskins cared to see fustian jackets interspersed with the broadcloth coats in the pews of Meadow Street. It may have been the one or the other of these feelings, or a mixture of both, that raised the Factory Lane Chapel, but it did a great deal of good among the lower classes; and the congregation in Meadow Street became still more select than it had been before. Between chapels standing in the relation of Meadow Street and Factory Lane, entire cordiality could hardly have been expected; and every now and then little bickerings and jealousies would crop up which required all the office-bearers' tact to keep from breaking out into public scandals. If Meadow Street took pride in its easy, well-to-do, Christian respectability, Factory Lane was just as ready to parade its poverty, and to pity the disproportionate endowment of worldly goods and heavenly grace that had fallen to the lot of the other. In Meadow Street, sermons savouring of morality were in great repute; while Factory Lane would listen to nothing but the plain letter of the Gospel and justification by faith: so that when the two ministers chanced to exchange pulpits, the Factory Lane folk refused point-blank to listen to such an old, dry, moral stick as they said Mr. Bonnyman was; and the Meadow Street members were equally positive that it was much more profitable to read a sermon at home for themselves, than go to church to be disgusted by a ranter

like Mr. Booth. Factory Lane stigmatized Meadow Street with its Christian deadness, and coldness, and formality; and Meadow Street retorted by pointing significantly to the large £, followed also by four goodly figures, which closed its annual subscription list—and by a hint that even coldness and formality might sometimes be preferable to misdirected zeal and extravagant enthusiasm.

When young Mr. Wayne was called to the Meadow Street pastorate, the Factory Lane members did not seek to dissemble their disgust, but thanked heaven that *they*, at least, were free from aristocratic influences, and that *their* chapel was not a living in the gift of the Wayne family. At first there were hopes of some of the Meadow Street malcontents joining the Factory Lane congregation; but though they frequently dropped in for evening worship about the time of Mr. Wayne's settlement, they speedily fell back upon the old pews in the more commodious and fashionable sanctuary. Worse than that, some of the wealthiest members of Factory Lane, whom a distaste for Mr. Bonnyman had driven thither, now betrayed indications of returning to Meadow Street. Poor Mr. Booth had thought his lines hard enough when his claims upon the Meadow Street pulpit had been allowed to lie unmooted, but that was a light matter compared to his flock being allured away from him. In vain did he demand from the pulpit what they went out into the wilderness for to see, and warn them against the danger of turning aside either to the right hand or the left in the Christian race to search for novelties. But by the week of Mr. Wayne's ordination, five of the best pews in the Factory Lane Chapel were standing empty at the disposal of the committee; and Mr. Booth clearly foresaw that not only would Mr. Wayne attempt to draw his people away from him, but that he would be for acting as his suffragan in the Factory Lane Chapel; and the good man had made up his mind to undergo martyrdom rather than suffer the principles of the Church to be thus trampled upon in his instance. So when Mr. Chesham invited Mr. Booth to introduce the new minister to his flock, it unfortunately happened that Mr. Booth had already arranged an exchange of pulpits with Brother Morgan of Combeport; and the engagement could not possibly be altered. Mr. Booth considered this refusal a daring defiance of the whole aristocracy of Lorton; but the Meadow Street com-

mittee, who had only asked the Factory Lane pastor because they could not civilly avoid doing so, were delighted, and hastened to secure the services of Dr. Courtenay, who was minister of St. Augustine's Chapel at Hornham, and private chaplain to Lady Pottersfield. About this time it was remarked that Mr. Booth took very gloomy views of the future of the Church. What could be expected of the people, he asked, when the ministry was treated as a secular profession, like the interpretation of the law and the practice of physic—a cure not of souls, but of silver? They talked of simony and the imposition of unsuitable pastors upon unwilling flocks in the case of other Churches: were their own eyes so free from beams that they could clearly see motes in the eyes of other sects? They heard much nowadays of university honours and worldly accomplishments; but did these avail as qualifications for the ministry if grace and godly fear were lacking? Were the twelve apostles university men? Was a knowledge of profane languages and heathen philosophy required of them that sought ordination in the primitive Church? Far be it from him to depreciate knowledge, for without knowledge there could be no faith, and without faith there could be no salvation; but there was a knowledge that puffed men up, and was it not written that "the wisdom of the world was foolishness with God"? The man who had but the least spark of that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation, albeit he knew not even a letter, was a more truly learned man than he at whose feet kings and princes sought for wisdom. Might He who was the fount of all true knowledge save them from the sin of boasting themselves of learning, and impart to each and all there present, &c. &c.

But very soon it was noticed that Mr. Booth's language underwent a remarkable change. A day or two after Mr. Wayne's induction, the young minister called to pay his respects to his elder colleague. Mr. Booth was engaged upon a sermon on the duties of the pastorate, in which he drew a contrast between St. Paul's charge to Timothy and that delivered by Dr. Courtenay at Meadow Street—infinity to the advantage of the former—when Mr. Wayne's name was brought up to him. The starchy manner and stiff dry tones which he of Factory Lane thought fit to assume, speedily melted away before Wayne's

genial frankness; and when the young minister acknowledged how much he stood in need of counsel from his senior's long and varied experience, and begged that he might be allowed to work under him among the poor of the locality, Mr. Booth's reserve fairly broke down, and he gave the new-comer a hearty brotherly greeting. But it was not long before Wayne had adroitly contrived to heap several shovelfuls of very hot coals upon the bald scalp of Mr. Booth. When the young minister began to talk in a laughing way about his being a miserable bachelor, and to say that he would be infinitely obliged if the other would occupy Meadow Villa at a nominal rent—say half as much as he gave for his present house—Mr. Booth's face turned quite scarlet at the startling proposal, and he felt sorely tempted to cry there and then before his visitor. Was this the man whom he and all his congregation had been villifying for weeks past? the man whom he had suspected of wishing to lead away his congregation, and of bishoping it over himself? As Mr. Booth's eye fell upon the sermon on his writing-table, he felt as if he would like to fling back the offer in the young Pharisee's teeth—either that or to acknowledge like a man how little he merited kindness at Mr. Wayne's hands. But the latter course required more courage than Mr. Booth could muster, and there were more considerations than one that kept him from rashly refusing Mr. Wayne's generous proffer. There was no house for the minister attached to the Factory Lane Chapel, and Mr. Booth's present habitation was a dingy, confined, brick building, in a locality that enjoyed the pre-eminence of being the most unsanitary in Lorton. A change from Factory Lane to Meadow Villa would have saved poor Susan when she died of the relapse from typhus a year ago, thought Mr. Booth sadly. The pale-faced children would soon gather rosy cheeks running about among the green shrubberies and upon the trim grass-plots of Meadow Villa. Why, his wife would get quite a girl again if she could be removed from the smoke and smells of Factory Lane; and what sermons, for strength and pathos, would not he himself compose when walking bareheaded in the open air up and down the long secluded alley at the back of the Villa! When he thought of all this, what could poor Booth do but thank Mr. Wayne for his kindness the best way he possibly could?

But Wayne would not hear of thanks—the obligation was his; for how could he be responsible for the house and grounds unless he put them into trustworthy hands? He could not go to Meadow Street every morning and see that some burglar had not walked away with the Villa overnight. But he cautioned Mr. Booth that he would be remorselessly evicted if any likely young damsel were so far left to herself as to fancy him for a husband—an event so improbable that it need hardly be taken into calculation. And then Mr. Booth laughed, and said he was sorry Mr. Wayne had mentioned it, for it would be somewhat hard upon human nature to wish heartily for his friend's happiness, since it would entail on them the loss of such a paradise. After this they became quite confidential, and exchanged opinions regarding the office-bearers of both congregations, which, for the peace of those worthy brethren, we shall not repeat. And finally, Mrs. Booth was quite startled by the appearance of the unpopular minister in her husband's company in the little parlour where she was cutting thick bread and butter for tea; and still more by Mr. Wayne's ready assurance that he would not be a stranger in future at that family meal. The half-finished sermon was committed to the grate; and when Mr. Booth preached next Sunday, it was from the text, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," and his discourse was against giving place to censorious and uncharitable thoughts and words. We are not sure that the Factory Lane congregation relished this sermon as well as the preceding ones; but of this we are convinced, that every word came from Mr. Booth's heart, and that the sermon was addressed more to his own failings than to the errors of his flock.

II.

It was not without a remonstrance on the part of his relations that Edgar Wayne was allowed to give up the minister's house to Mr. Booth. Mr. Silas cautioned him against Quixotry and overgenerosity at the outset, and also about taking up too much with Mr. Booth. Mr. Booth, to be sure, was a worthy man, a most worthy man, but—What this "but" meant could be gathered only from the shrug of Mr. Silas's shoulders; and, besides, ministers were commanded to be given to hospitality, and how could he be hospitable unless he had a house of his own? Edgar laughingly replied in,

his college slang that "he'd stand his friends at the restaurant," and Mr. Silas went away with a grave shake of the head. Miss Patty Wayne, the younger of the two sisters — her full name was Patience, but she was only to be addressed as such at the risk of a quarrel — chose to be offended because Edgar had upset her pretty airy castle of housekeeping at Meadow Villa, until the minister expressed his conviction that her disappointment was altogether mercenary for the loss of the "perquisites" she was proposing to levy upon his household stores. And so Edgar Wayne settled down in the old house, and was just treated as he had been during his college vacations, a large parlour only being added to his apartments for the purpose of receiving professional visitors. Miss Wayne had been careful to inform the servants that Mr. Edgar was now the minister of the Meadow Street Chapel, and that they must be careful to banish the remembrance of all former familiarities from their minds. But after a short interval of doubtful suspense, during which the inmates of the kitchen were settling whether ordination had wrought any notable change in their young master, they gave up the pastor in despair, and "Master Edgar" became Master Edgar once more in the Wayne household.

As faithful recorders of gossip we cannot omit to notice how the society of the Misses Wayne was courted after their younger brother had been installed in the Meadow Street Chapel. Formerly, Mr. Edgar Wayne had not been in much better repute than younger sons generally are with families that have marriageable daughters; but as minister of Meadow Street, with the prospect of what he would have at Mr. Silas's death, he was allowed to be a match for the most ambitious Miss in Lorton — ay, even for rich Miss Hoskins herself, if she had not been eight years his senior and so plain. And this was the reason that Miss Lane ceased to call Mary Wayne "an upsetting, aggravating, old-maidish chit;" that Miss Ellen Chesham now managed to put up with "Patience's impatience" and fitful temper; and that Miss Amelia Fairley came weeping to the sisters and sobbed forth her regret that those odious Miss Fentons, with their tattle and gossip, should ever have brought about an estrangement between them, but that was all over now, and they would ever, ever, be as dear darling, loving friends as they had been before in the old, happy days — wouldn't

they, dears? Of course Mary laughed in her sleeves, and Patty declared she had "no patience" with such sycophants; but they were courteous enough to their would-be sisters-in-law, and rallied Edgar merrily upon the snares which were being set for him. All the young ladies in Lorton knew — as of what piece of scandal were they ignorant? — the old story about Edgar Wayne and Millicent Wentworth. Millicent was a grand-daughter of old Squire Fernside, who had lost both her parents in India, and had been brought up at Little Lorton by her aunts, Miss Jemima and Miss Cecilia. She had attended Madame de Mure's famous seminary for young ladies along with Mary and Patty Wayne, and the three girls had been inseparable friends, and so exclusive in their attachments as to occasion much jealousy and heart-burning among their class-mates. Dr. Caning's Academy is just across the street from Madame de Mure's, a proximity much deplored by the precise parents of Lorton. It was only natural, then, that when Edgar was promoted to a tailed coat and Dr. Caning's sixth form, he should show off his gallantry by making love to his sisters' friend, and supplying her with an escort along the shady road to Little Lorton. By-and-by it began to be pretty generally known that Edgar Wayne and Milly Wentworth were sweetheating; and many people said they should not wonder though a match might come of it some day. But the young folks themselves thought little of matchmaking in those days. Each was quite contented in the assurance of the other's love, and marriage was to them like a fairy dream of the far future. But years rolled on, and while Edgar was still but a young man, and an undergraduate of Cambridge, with no definite prospect of settling down in life, Milly's education was finished, and she had now been waiting three years for the most important event of a young woman's life. Possibly Edgar was unconscious that Millicent was no longer the girl whose heart he had won in their school-days, or perhaps he looked upon their engagement as so much a matter of course that he did not think it necessary to trouble Milly with much love-making nowadays. Then followed the inevitable "tiff," Millicent endeavouring in the first instance to stimulate Edgar's passion by a most unfounded charge of flirtation with Letty Lane; and secondly, to excite his jealousy by encouraging the addresses of little Cornet Fernside, a

kinsman of the squire's, who had come on a visit to his relation at Little Lorton. But Edgar was too good-natured and careless to get into heroics; and he laughingly confessed that Letty Lane was a charming girl, and he was "big spoons" upon her — the young man had contracted a disgusting habit of talking slang during his first two terms at the university — and pretended to stand in great awe of that fire-eating trooper, the Cornet of the Lightest Dragoons, who was less than him by a good head and shoulders. These stratagems having failed, a quarrel followed, which was at first made up by Mary Wayne's mediation. But the reconciliation was short-lived; because Edgar's letters from college seemed cold and indifferent, Millicent broke off the correspondence altogether, and Edgar, in spite of his sister's warnings, treated the matter as a good joke, and assured himself that all would come right some time. But one day Edgar was roused from his torpor by a hurried letter from his elder sister. Millicent, the writer said, had been with her, vowing that she had never loved anyone but Edgar, and that she would wait a thousand thousand years for him if he would only be frank and loving in the mean time, and assure her that he was really in earnest, but she could not remain longer in suspense, and might be driven to do something desperate before long. Miss Wayne conjured Edgar to write to Millicent without delay, for she dreaded daily to hear that the poor girl had taken some rash step which would entail a life-long repentance. "That wretched little Mr. Fernside is *here* just now," added she in a postscript. "I saw him driving through Bank Square this morning with Jem Tylson the horse-breaker, and I am sure *both* of them were *tipsy*." Edgar wrote a most affectionate letter, explaining his seeming indifference, and begging Milly to believe his unaltered constancy; but before the letter could have reached Lorton, he received a marked copy of the "Times" containing an announcement of the marriage at London — gossips said it was little better than elopement — of Lieutenant Fernside of the Lightest Dragoons with Millicent Fernside, only child of the late Captain Wentworth, second in command of the Malwa Irregular Horse.

It was not till then that Edgar realized the full strength of his love for Millicent Wentworth. He could not bring himself to believe it: that Milly should marry anybody but himself seemed an absolute impossibility; and he tried hard to assure

himself that it must be all a mistake, a dark unpleasant dream. He had been walking up and down his room that evening when Mary's letter was brought him, and the dawn of the grey October morning found him still pacing the floor, epistle in hand; but of what he had been thinking during the long weary night Edgar Wayne never could tell. Gradually the truth impressed itself upon him, and he saw how much he had lost, and how culpable had been his self-security and carelessness in not keeping possession of the warm heart that had once been his. Against Millicent he had not a word to say, and he refused to listen to his sister's denunciations of her levity and fickleness. He knew that he might have saved Millicent, and he could lay the blame of all that had occurred upon his own thoughtlessness alone. His love for her had never for an instant wavered; and even now that he had hopelessly lost her, and love became a sin, he could not banish the remembrance of her from his mind. He thought that if he could see her once more, and actually assure himself that Millicent Wentworth was now Millicent Fernside, his passion might be dispelled and his feelings relieved. So he went to Canterbury, where the Lightest Dragoons were then quartered, and from the window he saw Millicent and her husband canter past for their afternoon ride. Poor Edgar! if he was ill before he was worse now. He saw her only for a few seconds, but that brief glance seemed to reveal charms which he had never been conscious of having noticed before. Only one thought sustained him; he saw how lovingly Millicent had smiled upon her young husband, and the contemplation of her happiness made him more than half forget his own misery. If he had married Millicent Wentworth, would it not have been the highest aim of his life to render her happy? and now that she had found her happiness in marrying another, should he not rather rejoice in her felicity, and lay aside all selfish feelings upon the subject? This at least was what he tried to do, and he went back to Cambridge a sadder and wiser man, with his heart refined by the workings of a hidden sorrow. He had wrecked his happiness upon his own selfishness, and he resolved that for the future he would live less for himself and more for his fellow-creatures. It was but natural that when he came to select a profession, such thoughts should impel him towards the ministry; and his choice

chimed in well with his father's inclinations; for, as Mr. Bartholomew was to succeed his father in the Lorton Bank, it was the proper time for a family so eminent among Christians as that of Wayne to give one of its members to the Church.

At first, after his disappointment, Edgar had been reserved and gloomy as the most serious member of his flock could have desired; but the natural vivacity and kindness of his disposition soon got the better of this moodiness, and the concern with which his friends had watched his sorrow had now given way to a fear that his "lightness" might betray him into the commission of something unclerical in word or deed. But the old love for Millicent still lay close to his heart. By a tacit understanding her name was never mentioned in the Wayne household; but his sisters took good care that he should not remain long in ignorance of anything relating to his lost love. Envelopes addressed in the old familiar handwriting would be temptingly displayed upon Miss Patty's work-box, and full opportunity would be afforded the young minister of making himself acquainted with the contents. There was little satisfaction to be derived from the perusal of these letters. Each told with less reserve than its predecessor of Lieutenant Fernside's increasing neglect, of his passion for wine and billiards, and of his brutal conduct when he came home intoxicated from mess night after night. Then came a long pause; and when the correspondence was next resumed, the red "queen's head" upon Millicent's envelopes had been replaced by the vermilion eight-anna stamp of her Majesty's Indian Government. The Lightest Dragoons had been glad to dispense with one of the ornaments of that distinguished corps. Lieutenant Fernside's losses on the turf and at billiards had been so great that nothing could save him from bankruptcy but an exchange to an Indian regiment, and most of his brother officers had said, "Go, and a good riddance." Before sailing, he and Millicent came to say farewell to their friends at Little Lorton; but the lieutenant's reputation had preceded him, and the Misses Fernside made little pretence of welcoming their profligate kinsman. His poor wife, shamefaced and sick at heart, avoided all her old acquaintances; and the two quitted Lorton "without beat of drum," as the lieutenant said — for, brief as his visit had been, he had found an

opportunity of contracting sundry liabilities to the Lorton tradesmen. The letter which came from Garmore to Patty Wayne showed that things had been going from bad to worse with Captain Fernside, whose old habits had broken out with tenfold vigour since their arrival in India; and Millicent's health was so wretched that she feared — no, she actually hoped — that her misery would not be of long duration. And in the postscript was a last sad message to Edgar, which the writer begged might be faithfully delivered to him. But neither Mary nor Patty had the courage to comply with her request; and this letter was not, according to custom, displayed upon the work-basket.

"Do you know who is coming to Lorton, Edgar?" asked Mary Wayne, as her brother came into the parlour one forenoon, hot and tired, from a long excursion with Mr. Booth among the sick and poor of the Factory Lane quarter. "Of course I do," returned the minister, stretching out his legs upon the sofa and fanning himself vigorously with an uncut copy of the "Narrow Magazine;" "I had a letter myself this morning."

"A letter! Had *you* a letter?" said Mary, opening her eyes wide with astonishment, and speaking very slowly. "Poor Edgar! I hope you may have strength given you to get well through it."

"Thank'ee, ma'am; I shall want it badly, I know, if she is half as pretty as she used to be."

"Edgar" — in a reproachful tone — "you really shouldn't speak of such things in such a way. What could people think if they were to hear you?"

"Why, they would think, I suppose, that I had been too rash in giving up Meadow Villa. But you would not mind having us in the house, would you, until something better turns up for poor old Booth? She is so very quiet and gentle, that even Patty could not manage to fall out with her."

"What! live together in this house!" cried Miss Wayne, starting to her feet in horror. "Edgar Wayne, this is too dreadful; it is absolutely sinful in a minister to speak this way, even in jest. You ought to have more respect for your sister, sir, than to mention such a thing in her presence;" and Mary indignantly gathered up her work and was going to leave the room.

"My dear Polly, stay half a minute," cried Edgar, with a look of amused

curiosity, "and do explain yourself. What would be so dreadful and sinful in Miss Shillingford and I staying together here, always supposing we *did* get married? I don't see what there is disrespectful in that. You are not afraid she would cherish designs upon your house-keeping keys, are you; and that I would be aiding and abetting in her designs? Was that what you were alarmed about?"

"Miss Shillingford, Edgar!" cried Miss Wayne, turning round in the door and coming back into the room. "What Miss Shillingford? whom do you mean?"

"Why, Edith Shillingford—old Shillingford of the 'Methusaleh's' daughter. Wasn't it of her you were talking? I had a letter, as I said, from Brother Bart this morning, and he says that he and his *cara sposa* are going to run down here for the Easter holidays; and that they are bringing the daughter of Bart's senior director with them for the express purpose that I may fall in love with her: kind, isn't it? Bart, in his business way, gives so many details regarding the young lady's prospects, that the latter part of his letter reads like the money article of a morning newspaper."

"Oh, I'm so glad that Bart is coming," cried Miss Wayne; "and I have heard so much of Edith Shillingford, that I am dying to know her. How odd it would be if you should fall in love with and marry a great heiress! Why, half the girls in the Meadow Street Chapel would turn Episcopalians for spite. I must let papa and Patty have the good news."

"Wait a little, my dear," cried Edgar, catching hold of her dress as she was hurrying from the room; "it is clear that some one else is coming to Lorton besides Bart and Miss Shillingford. Now tell me frankly of whom you were thinking when you tried to have that pretty tiff with your affectionate brother."

"Oh, Edgar," said Miss Wayne, in an altered tone, and coming back into the middle of the room with a grave look upon her face, "I cannot—that is, I should not speak about it; and yet I do not see how I can help it. It is better that you should hear it now than at some time when you are not so well prepared for it. I have just had a letter from India, then, and somebody is coming home very soon."

"Millicent Wentworth?" asked Edgar, with just a slight swelling at his throat.

"No; Millicent Fernside," said Mary, laying a stout emphasis on the surname

—"one who can be nothing to you, and whom it would be well that you should meet as seldom as possible. I suppose we shall be obliged to visit her at Little Lorton; but we need not ask her here, and there will be no necessity for you seeing her."

"Poor Millicent," was Edgar's only rejoinder, uttered musingly and in a low voice.

"Yes, poor thing, no one can be more sorry for her than I am," replied his sister; "but she was terribly imprudent, and is now paying the penalty of her folly. I'm sure I don't know why some girls should be so mad for marriage. I'd rather choose to die an old maid any day than marry such a man as Mr. Fernside. So you know, Edgar, that he has actually beaten her? Yes; Miss Cecilia told me that he came home one night from mess abominably tipsy, and slapped her on the cheek, and shook her by the shoulder, because she refused to ask her aunts for money to pay his turf losses."

The pastor of Meadow Street Chapel checked an exclamation which rose to his lips. It was inaudible to his sister, and it was perhaps as well.

"She could not have come home, although the doctors told her that she would not survive another hot season in India, if her aunts had not assisted her," continued Miss Wayne; "and even then Captain Fernside cursed and swore because he should be put to the expense of giving up his furnished house, and insisted that the Misses Fernside should make good the loss to him before he would allow her passage to be taken. It is horrid to think that any one could be so brutal. Why he might as well have killed her at once. I am sorry that she is coming to Lorton, for I should have liked to befriend her; but it is impossible that we should encourage her to come here and you in the house."

"Yes, Polly," said Edgar, bitterly, "that is just the way of the world. Summer friendships are soon dispelled by the chill blasts of winter. It is very easy to swear eternal affection for one whom everybody is worshipping; but as soon as the tide has turned, when adversity has supervened, and the world begins to look coldly upon your former friend, the true value of such vows is speedily discernible. But I did think, my dear Mary, that your heart would have preserved you from such insincerity. Think how much a woman in poor Millicent Fernside's position must want a friend whom she

can trust, and to whom she could open the sorrows of her poor bruised heart."

"How can you be so unjust?" deprecated Miss Wayne. "You know quite well how I loved Millicent Wentworth, and how gladly I would give her all the support that one dear friend can give another. But we must think of you. What would the world say—what would your congregation think—if Milly were to come here as freely as she did in the old times? You really must be careful for your own sake, and avoid her as much as possible."

"Thank you, Mary, for the compliment to us both," replied Edgar, gravely, as he rose to go. "If Millicent Fernside has aught of the modesty and self-respect of Millicent Wentworth, it will not be necessary for me to avoid her; and as for myself, I trust to refer my conduct to a higher criterion than the opinion of my congregation. If I thought my counsel or friendship would lighten Milly's burden by as much as a straw's weight, I would call upon her before she was four-and-twenty hours in Lorton. You needn't shake your head, for it would only be my duty, and God would give me strength to command my feelings while I was engaged upon His work."

III.

ABOUT Eastertide it was whispered in the town that Mrs. Fernside had arrived at Little Lorton, and that she was living in great retirement with her relations. Her health had been restored by the sea-voyage; and Dr. Copeby said that if her mind were right there would soon be little the matter with her body. There had been no intercourse between the Waynes and the Fernsides since Millicent's arrival, for the family in Bank Square were completely taken up with their visitors from London. Mr. Bartholomew, the heir-apparent to the Lorton Bank, had not at the outset of his life walked in the ways of his fathers, and his excesses had compelled Mr. Silas to send him away where the name of Wayne would not be disgraced by his on-goings. So to Liverpool went young Bartholomew with a credit of fifty pounds per annum upon the Lorton Bank, and his stipend as sixth clerk in the house of Dall & Gram, the East Indian grain-merchants. Finding this wholly insufficient to supply his wants, Mr. Bartholomew naturally thought of marriage; and a pretty penniless day-governess who was

lodging in the same house, afforded him an excellent excuse for "tempting Providence." On hearing of his son's wedding, Mr. Silas prepared himself for the consequences of this folly, whether they should take the shape of burglary or suicide—only he took the precaution of altering his will in favour of Edgar, so that the reputable house of "B. Wayne & Son" might never lie at the mercy of a reprobate. But with marriage a saving change came over the prodigal. He was now compelled to be careful and economical; and as he had all the aptitude for business that belonged to his family, his rise had been rapid in the mercantile world, and he was now secretary to the great "Methusaleh Life and Fire Insurance Company," and a director on the boards of some of the most flourishing concerns in the city. Mr. Silas had, of course, altered his will back again to its original form long ago; and it was said that he had with difficulty extracted a promise from his son to give up his prospects in London and take the management of the Lorton Bank when he himself became unfit for business. Mr. Bartholomew was now the great man of the Wayne family, and all the more was made of his success that no one had ever imagined he would come to anything good.

Since the elder son had become a family man, and the secretary of a great company in the City, he had come to Lorton only at rare intervals and upon flying visits, running down upon a Saturday and returning to town early on Monday morning, in time to wait upon his directors at the weekly meeting of the Methusaleh Board. His prolonged stay upon this occasion was all the more welcome. Mr. Silas—for all Lorton continued to call him Mr. Silas still, although his father, Mr. Wayne, had been dead these twenty years—monopolized his son's company; and the two passed their days in the bank parlour discussing the money-market and commercial gossip until long after business hours. Mr. Silas placed great faith in his son's judgment, and he consulted him on almost every venture of importance, quite as much to tempt Bartholomew to interest himself in the bank as that he really needed counsel; for Mr. Bartholomew was so much engrossed in the affairs of the great Methusaleh that he hardly condescended to trouble himself about humbler undertakings. Brother Bart was not much above five-and-thirty, but it was his hobby to fancy himself a staid, respectable middle-

aged person ; and of all the fogies at the Methusaleh Board, none wore his clothes of a more antiquated or formal cut than the secretary, and none of them was graver or more circumspect in his walk and conversation. Mr. Silas, who was generally considered a young man by his contemporaries, could hardly believe himself to be the father of a man who talked of being elderly, and boasted of a little bald patch upon his crown of the size of a florin as a proof of advancing years. When they sat down together in the bank parlour, Mr. Silas could not help feeling as if his father had come to life again in Mr. Bartholomew, and as if he himself was once more the junior partner of the firm.

On his part, Edgar did as much as could reasonably have been expected to make the rich Miss Shillingford's visit agreeable to her. What time he could spare from his professional duties he devoted to her society. He drove her and his sister Patty all over the country about Lorton ; he got up a little picnic for the ladies at the ruined castle of Pottersfield, near Hornham, and a boating-party in Combeport Bay ; and he devoted his evenings to their society in the drawing-room. Edith Shillingford was a quiet, silent girl, with a pure red and white complexion, and eyes that seemed to melt as you looked into them. Both the Misses Wayne saw at once that she would make a charming sister-in-law ; and many and deep were the plots which the two hatched with Mrs. Bartholomew to bring about a marriage between Edgar and the heiress. But neither Miss Shillingford's winsomeness nor her fortune made the least impression upon the minister's heart, although he could not conceal from himself that Miss Shillingford would not be angry although he were to carry his attentions farther than mere courtesy. Although a Churchwoman, Miss Shillingford had waited regularly upon Edgar's ministrations in Meadow Street, and had confided to Patty how much she enjoyed the services, and how eloquent the sermons were. Patty had taken her to see Meadow Villa under pretence of paying a visit to Mrs. Booth ; and the heiress had said with a half-sigh, that the mistress of so sweet a place must be a happy woman. In short, as all the Wayne family could see at a glance, there was only one thing wanted to secure the match, and that was a direct overture on Edgar's part. But all his sister's hints, all Mr. Silas's sugges-

tions, and all Brother Bart's haggings, were in vain ; and Edgar bluntly told them that he would never say a word of love to Edith Shillingford.

The thought of meeting with Millicent lay heavily upon Edgar's mind. He knew that it would be better for his peace if he were never to meet her again ; but he could not bear the idea of turning his back upon her, now that she was deserted and heart-broken. He had sought counsel where the best counsel is to be found, and he had prayed that his steps might be ordered aright to do what best became him as a minister, and would be most conducive to Milly's happiness. He was quite aware of his own weakness where his old sweetheart was concerned ; and it was not in his own strength that he trusted when he made up his mind to bravely face the danger. His love for Milly was as intense as ever, and he knew that such love was a heinous sin — doubly heinous in a minister of the Gospel. But what could he do ? Religion does not petrify the heart, and there are devils not even to be cast out by prayer and fasting. But there was no spot of impurity in Edgar's affection. All that he sought was Millicent's welfare and happiness ; and that he might even in the smallest degree contribute to this, he was prepared to place himself in a false position with society — to run the risk of having his motives misconstrued, and to bear both odium and scorn on her behalf.

On the Sunday after he had made up his mind to call at Little Lorton without further delay, he had to undergo a severe trial. As he raised his eyes from the hymn-book, they fell upon a face, which might have been the only face in the congregation, for he could distinguish no other. A sad, pale face it was ; the bright red cheeks that had once belonged to it were blanched by the fierce heat of a tropical sun, the clear blue eyes were dimmed and sunken, and care and sorrow had stamped many premature wrinkles upon the brow that used to be smoother and more white than parian marble. It was a trying Sunday for the minister of Meadow Street, and it required all his resolution to concentrate his mind upon his duties. Never had he breathed a more heartfelt prayer for the divine assistance than before beginning his sermon ; and never had he felt so great a sense of relief as when he had brought the service properly to a close. It was no feigned headache that confined him to his room for the rest of the day, and

made him ask Mr. Booth to take his place at Meadow Street in the evening; for his head was in a whirl, and his heart was torn by the pangs of a resuscitated sorrow.

At length they met. It was in presence of Millicent's aunts, and the greetings which they interchanged were of the most formal character, such as might have passed between persons whose acquaintance had never ripened into friendship. A forced conversation was with difficulty maintained, in spite of Millicent's stiffness and Edgar's shyness. They talked of the weather, of Meadow Street Chapel, of India, of everything but that which each knew the other to be thinking of; and when they parted, each retired with a heavy weight at heart, and bitter feeling of the impassable gulf which had sprung up between them since last they met. As the Misses Fernside were members of the Meadow Street congregation, Edgar had always been a regular visitor at Little Lorton; and after Millicent's arrival he continued to call as frequently as formerly. The old ladies were justly incensed at their kinsman; and knowing the deep interest which the minister took in Millicent, they made him the confidant of all their complaints against Captain Fernside and of their doubts regarding their niece's future. Edgar was glad to think that he could be of service to his old love, and that he could do something to make her position at Little Lorton more pleasant—for Miss Cecilia, whose temper had not been improved by a little disappointment in the matter of Dr. Wordly, was somewhat fond of pointing out how imprudence works its own punishment, and of grumbling at the trouble which Millicent had brought upon the family; but Edgar interfered with ministerial authority, and recalled Miss Cecilia to a more Christian spirit. At such times the old maid would almost kill her niece with kindness to obliterate the recollection of her petulance. "I wish she had married you, Mr. Wayne," Jemima would say; "but you are much too good for a silly girl like her. I wish she had married an honest and sober crossing-sweeper rather than that wicked Dick Fernside. If I only thought he might be accepted, I would be glad to hear that he was dead to-morrow. Why, then you might—but it is very wrong to think of such a thing," added Miss Jemima, checking herself. Edgar knew quite well what was passing in Miss Jemima's mind, but he said nothing, and

changed the subject, although it cannot be denied that his mind frequently turned to the contingency of Captain Fernside's decease putting an end to all their trouble. As a Christian man and minister, he was fully sensible of the impropriety of this feeling, and strove hard to conquer it, but human nature was too strong for him. The world knows well how powerful a restraint religious principle imposes upon *doing* evil, but each one can only say for himself how far it prevails against *thinking* evil.

The Waynes soon began to look with much anxiety upon Edgar's frequent visits to Little Lorton, and to drop broad hints about the scandal likely to arise. Mr. Silas said he felt a delicacy in noticing the matter; for though Edgar was his son, he was also his ecclesiastical superior, and it is hardly the part of a deacon to criticise his minister's conduct. Brother Bart, who, having been a scapegrace in his youth, was naturally very rigid in his notion of propriety, entered a special protest against what he called Edgar's folly.

"I shan't say anything about your neglect of Miss Shillingford, although, let me tell you, my dear fellow, that such offers seldom fall in the way of men in your line of life. You don't often find a Dissenting parson marrying twenty thousand pounds, unless the lady be *dévoté*; although, mind, I don't mean to say that a little of that may not be a good thing"—Brother Bart, he it remarked, had developed Broad Church notions since he became secretary of the Methusaleh, and would probably have abjured the sect of his family but for the Dissenting connections upon which the business of Wayne's Bank chiefly rested—"but I really must blow you up about this Little Lorton business. Of course there is no real harm in your going there, but you know as well as I do how confoundedly people gossip in a little place like this; and there are a lot of fellows about your congregation who would keep you in no end of hot water if they only got a handle against you. Take my advice, and don't go near the house until Mrs. Fernside is away; and if she were a prudent person she would not stay long. I can't say that I approve of women leaving their husbands in this fashion."

"But Fernside had behaved villanously to her—had actually beaten her," broke in Edgar, who could never bear to hear Millicent's reputation called in question.

"Umph! Depend upon it, my dear Edgar, there are always faults on both sides in such affairs; but what can be expected of reckless ill-assorted unions? But if Fernside and his wife have quarrelled, there is only so much reason why you of all men should not intervene between them. If the Captain is only half as malicious as Fetlock of his old regiment calls him, he is quite capable of making you co-respondent in a divorce case, upon no other grounds than your visits to Little Lorton; and you know the bare rumour of such a thing would utterly ruin your clerical prospects."

"Let Fernside do his worst; so long as his wife is connected with my congregation, and stands in need of my counsel as a Christian minister, I shall not be deterred from doing my duty by such considerations."

"Oh, of course if you look at it in that way there's no use in arguing," said Brother Bart, with some difficulty suppressing his inclination to get angry; "but there is another thing that you will do well to consider. All men are mortal, even ministers; and every one knows how much easier it is to get into an intrigue than to get out of one."

"My dear brother, I cannot allow even you to speak in such a manner," said Edgar, firmly. "You are quite welcome to say what you please about me, but intrigue and Mrs. Fernside's name must not be mentioned in the same breath. The poor girl is as guileless as a newborn child."

"Now look here, Edgar, and don't get angry," persisted Bart. "I'm your elder, and have seen twice as much of the world as you are ever likely to see, and I caution you that you run the risk of getting into a serious scrape. You were very fond of this girl once, and may be so still. What assurance have you that you will always be able to control your feelings with regard to her, if you expose yourself to the temptations of her society? Just think what a little matter may make mischief; isn't it your favorite Dante who says, *Goleotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse*? If you don't keep away from her, mark my words, you will repent it. It would be a rare windfall for the morning papers if a man in your position were to come up before Lord Penzance."

"I shall never avoid any temptations that come to me in the path of duty," replied the minister. "This poor girl stands in more need of my consolation and advice than any other member of my

congregation; and shall she be denied these because I once loved her? And what I lack in strength will be made up to me, so long as my sole object is to heal the broken-hearted."

"Oh, very well then; there is no use in saying anything more about it," said Bartholomew, going off in a pet. "Take your own way, and take the consequences. I shan't be so ill-natured afterwards as to remind you that you had better have taken my advice;" and the secretary of the Methusaleh strode down-stairs to the bank parlour to relieve his spleen by disadvising Mr. Silas from the renewing of every mature bill that came before them that morning.

At first the members of Meadow Street were so much occupied in discussing Miss Shillingford's visit, that they failed to notice how frequently their pastor's forenoons were spent at Little Lorton. All agreed with wonderful unanimity, after hearing the amount of Miss Shillingford's fortune, that their minister was likely soon to become a Benedict. Mr. Swift, the manufacturer, who had a marriageable daughter, thought that nothing tended so much to diminish a minister's "usefulness" as the marrying a stranger, who could not be expected to take any interest in his congregation or his work. The same gentleman did not seek to dissemble his disgust at Mr. Wayne's marrying for money, and openly hinted that if the grace of God had been the quality their pastor was most anxious to find in his future wife, he need not have gone outside his own congregation. Phillips, the chemist, had grave doubts as to what would come of their minister marrying with a Churchwoman. The future Mrs. Edgar Wayne must, of course, conform to her husband's denomination; but who could say what effect her Erastian tendencies might not ultimately produce upon their pastor? Matters might soon be as bad at Meadow Street as in St. Augustine's Chapel at Hornham, where Dr. Courtenay, the minister, had inserted the thin end of the liturgical wedge by reciting the Lord's Prayer at almost every diet of worship. And Good-sir, the grocer, averred that the minister would not be a Wayne if he didn't know the right side of a shilling; and that, for his part, he did not wonder at the work being obstructed when the Babylonish garment and the shewel of silver were concealed even in the pulpit itself. Even Mr. Booth, though not much given to gossip, had heard the rumour and signifi-

cantly told his colleague that his family's health had been well recruited by their pleasant change from Factory Lane, and that he was quite ready to give up Meadow Villa to its rightful owner at the shortest notice. But Wayne laughingly told him that there was no necessity for his shifting, and promised him a good six months' warning before he was disturbed. And Mr. Booth, as he paced the lilac-shaded walks of the Villa, and thought of the smoke and the smells of Factory Lane, reproached himself for his selfishness in feeling glad that there was no immediate probability of Wayne taking a wife.

Not a word had ever passed between Edgar and Millicent regarding their old love, but a communion of sorrow drew them closely together, and gave them a sad happiness in each other's society. At first one or other of the aunts had made a point of being present in the drawing-room with Mrs. Fernside when Edgar called, but by degrees this dread sense of propriety vanished, and they ceased to put themselves about for the minister's visits. The two were but ill at ease to be thus left alone, and there was a feeling of awkwardness and restraint between them, which at once disappeared when Miss Fernside or Miss Cecilia added herself to their society. The ice was not yet broken, and each shrank from putting forth a hand to break it; but they well knew that sooner or later one or the other must speak out.

Half-way between Lorton and Hornham are the Pottersfield brick-works, where Mr. Booth had a weekly meeting. Wayne took a great interest in the brick-makers, and liked to escape from the formal and respectable Christianity of his Meadow Street adherents to the rough heathenism and dogged independence of the Pottersfield workmen. Poor Mr. Booth had laboured long and zealously among them, opening their eyes to a sense of their guilt and their danger, and telling them with very little reserve how small a chance they had of avoiding everlasting perdition; but his labours did not do much good. Two or three of the more serious workmen and their wives were the only attendants at Mr. Booth's meeting, but still the good man persevered that he might win even one soul. Wayne had better luck. He went among the brickmakers in a frank, unaffected way, carefully eschewing anything like preaching, preferring rather to make the men talk than to talk himself, gaining their

confidence and goodwill, and every now and then leading their thoughts to better things. Mr. Booth had no faith in anything but "preaching and the ordinances," and was inclined to look upon Edgar's intercourse with the men as a mere waste of time and idle gossip; but he could not help remarking that when the "gen'lman parson chap" was expected at the brickworks, the meeting-room began to offer a successful rivalry to the "Chequers" down the way.

Coming back from Pottersfield one evening, when Mr. Booth was anxious to get home to visit a sick parishioner, Wayne, presuming upon his intimacy with the Misses Fernside, proposed that they should take a bypath through the grounds of Little Lorton, which would save them at least a mile. It was pleasant to change the dusty turnpike road for the crisp grassy footpath under the old beeches, and to catch glimpses of the setting sun through the breaks in the trees. But just as they were opposite the old manor-house, Edgar, who was walking first, gave a start and an exclamation, for straight before them was Millicent, meeting them with an open letter in her hand. She too started and looked about her, but there was no means of evading the intruders. She hurriedly put the letter in her pocket, but she could not conceal the red eyes and swollen cheeks, which too plainly indicated her distress.

"Excuse me half a minute, Booth," said the minister of Meadow Street; "I must apologize to Mrs. Fernside for our intrusion. I'll be after you in an instant;" and, lifting his hat to the lady, Mr. Booth passed on and waited for his companion beneath an old oak-tree some hundred yards ahead.

"I am sorry to see you in affliction, Mrs. Fernside," said Edgar, as he took her hand; "I hope that nothing has occurred to seriously disturb you."

"I am very unhappy," replied she, almost choking upon the words, as the tears again began to fall.

"Poor Milly! Heaven knows how much I feel for you. I have no claim to share your sorrow, but gladly would I bear the whole weight of it myself. Is there nothing that I can do for you?"

"Oh," sobbed Millicent, "I am so miserable; and how can I seek sympathy from you of all men in the world, after having treated you so badly? My punishment is only too just."

"No, Milly, you were not to blame—

it was only my infatuation that has brought all this trouble upon us," said Edgar, as he pressed her hand; "but that is all past, and will not recall. Let us rather think how we can comfort and strengthen each other in our different positions. You must let me be a brother to you, Milly, since Providence has denied me a nearer relationship. Believe me, there is nothing in man's power which I would not do to secure your happiness. I loved you always, and I love you still; and though it may be a sin for me to say it, I cannot help telling you so."

"You are only too good, and I am utterly undeserving of your kindness. But oh, Mr. Wayne, whom else is there that I can confide in?"

"Call me Edgar, as in the old days, Milly; and remember that I am your brother."

By degrees Millicent unburdened herself of her troubles. She told how speedy had been her repentance when she found that she could not give the heart where she had given the hand; how keenly she felt the imprudence of marrying for a pique; and how wretched her husband's dissolute conduct and brutality had made her. "He cares nothing for me," she said, "if it were not that I am to have Little Lorton when my aunts are gone; and I think he would have been well pleased if I had died at Bombay when I was so ill, if he had not known how glad I would be to get rid of my wretched life. He actually took money from Aunt Jemima to be kinder to me, and when he had got it he made a point of treating me worse than he had done before. And this very evening I have had a letter from him telling me that if I do not come out to India in the beginning of next cold weather, he will take leave to come home and fetch me. I suppose I shall be obliged to go, for I cannot bear the thought of my dear aunt being molested by his presence. My only consolation is that if I go back to the East I shall not have long to suffer."

"No, Millicent, you must not think of such a thing; your health is too delicate to stand the rigour of a tropical climate. So long as you are with your aunts you are safe from Captain Fernside's brutality, and by his conduct he has forfeited all claim to your obedience. Whatever comes of it you must not go back to be beaten and abused. Perhaps the time will come when your husband may yet reform, and your married life will be all

the happier for the clouds at the beginning."

But Millicent shook her head. "You do not know how bad he is, and how obstinately he sets himself to gain his ends. If I did not go to him, he would think nothing of coming to Little Lorton and carrying me off by force."

"Whatever happens, Milly, you will count upon me as one who would do anything to serve you," said Edgar, raising her hand to his lips. "But the dusk is falling, and you must let me take you home; but bless me! what has become of Booth?"

He might well ask that, for Mr. Booth had waited until his patience was fairly exhausted. He had coughed as loudly as good manners would allow him, had rattled with his stick among the branches, and had walked away for a few yards, and then stood up again, but without managing to attract Mr. Wayne's attention. And when he could in conscience stay no longer, the good man had gone away, shaking his head gravely, and sorely troubled in spirit, for he liked not this familiarity of his colleague with the officer's wife.

IV.

It would be impossible to describe the consternation that seized upon the members of the Meadow Street Chapel when the news began to be bruited about that their minister's visits to Little Lorton were much too frequent to be altogether proper, considering the former relationship between him and Mrs. Fernside. It is always difficult to trace a scandal to its source, but we much fear good Mr. Booth had expressed a hope to the wife of his bosom that Wayne might not get entangled with Mrs. Fernside again; and that the worthy lady, in the depths of her gratitude to Edgar, had given her gossips a bit of her mind about that "odious officer's wife," who was doing her best to inveigle the young minister. The matter soon became the talk of the whole town. Propriety, it was calculated, had not received such a shock since silly young Miss Springthorpe had eloped with the youngest clerk in her father's office; and as the parties were Church people it did not matter so much. But for the minister of Meadow Street, and a Wayne to boot, to be involved in an intrigue with another man's wife, was enough to bring a signal judgment upon the town. Factory Lane was not slow to seize upon so good a

ground for attacking Meadow Street; and thanks were fervently returned that whatever might be the demerits of Mr. Booth's sermons, his moral character was at least irreproachable — no one having ever so much as charged him with coveting his neighbour's wife. Meadow Street, when assailed, pleaded the groundlessness of the accusation, as well it might; but among themselves the members did not scruple to discuss their minister's guilt. Mr. Swift was particularly severe upon the vices of the aristocracy, and the base *morale* that prevailed in the exclusive circles of Lorton society. He had never had any confidence in Mr. Wayne after he had found him out to be a tuft-hunter and a hanger-on upon the local plutocracy; and when reminded of Edgar's labours among the Pottersfield brickmakers, he said that there was no doubt the unhappy young man was only gratifying a natural taste for low society. What interest had Mr. Wayne shown in this middle-class members of his congregation? He had only taken tea once in his, Mr. Swift's, house; and as he was the father of a daughter, Mr. Swift was thankful that their intercourse had not gone farther. The novel-reading Misses strolled out to Little Lorton to look at a walk where the guilty couple were said to hold assignations. Match-making mammas, knowing that marriage was impossible between the parties, did not care to pass a hasty censure, but significantly said that Mr. Wayne would do well to settle down and take a wife of his own before worse came of it. The better men of the congregation who were intimate with the minister, and knew him to be incapable of such misconduct as was laid to his charge, warmly took Mr. Wayne's part, and did their best to stifle the clamour; but even they could not help owning that the minister was laying himself open to misconception.

The Wayne family were the only persons in Lorton who knew nothing of the storm that was brewing. They could not help feeling that Edgar's visits to Little Lorton were attracting notice, but they had no conception of the malignant flights of imagination of which Lorton gossips were capable. Mr. Bartholomew and his party had returned to town, and Mr. Silas felt a diffidence in interfering in such a delicate matter. Mary Wayne was the only person besides Bartholomew who had ventured to speak to the minister upon the subject; and, trusting fully in her brother's integrity, she could not ad-

vise him to turn his back upon the poor defenceless women at Little Lorton, who had no other male friend to whom they could confide their troubles, or from whom they could seek counsel against the bullying blustering captain of dragons. Miss Wayne was nearly as often at Little Lorton as her brother; and calumny declared her to be fully worse than he was, for aiding and abetting him in his lawless passion.

But how fared it with Edgar himself? Where, alas! was that strength upon which he had relied for bringing him safely through the fiery ordeal? His love for Millicent had now got so much the mastery over him, that he seemed to have lost all self-control where she was concerned, and to have become dead to every consideration that interfered with his passion. Thoughts which made him shudder were constantly assailing him, and the strictest religious exercise failed to dispel them altogether. And yet his mind was pure — purer far than the hearts of those worldlings who were charging him with all sorts of baseness. Provided Millicent's happiness could be secured he cared little or nothing what became of himself; but he trembled when he thought how much he would sacrifice both of honour and reputation, if by such a sacrifice her happiness could be promoted. He would have liked some trustworthy adviser to consult with, but he felt that whatever advice he got, he must still hold by his own course, and fight Millicent's battle through both scorn and infamy. His devotion had made the old ladies at Little Lorton ready to worship him. Everything relating to Millicent and her husband was regulated by his advice; and Indian mail day hardly ever passed without a messenger calling at Bank Square "with Miss Fernside's compliments, and could Mr. Wayne be so kind as to favour her with calling at his earliest convenience?" The Captain's letters were getting more and more stormy. He saw that his chance of the reversion of Little Lorton was not now worth much, and he determined to revenge himself upon the old ladies through his wife. If Millicent did not come out at once, he wrote, he must take leave and come for her. He was not going to remain a grass-widower, that she might enjoy the consolations of a Methodist parson. He had heard of pretty goings-on at Little Lorton, but he had friends who would keep an eye upon them; and woe to the person, whether man or

woman, who threw any stain upon the honour of Richard Fernside. It was then cholera time at Garmore, and sad work the deadly scourge was making in Captain Fernside's regiment. Walker, the commandant, a brave man and a good Christian, died after twelve hours' illness, although he was to have left for England by the next mail; and his poor young wife at Torquay, who was impatiently waiting to be surprised by the colonel bouncing in upon her, only received the news of his decease. Temple and Stokesby, both excellent officers, soon followed; but Dick Fernside, whose debauched habits might have been supposed to make him a likely subject for the disease, still gambled every night at the mess-house, and cheated young greenhorns with bargains in horse-flesh. Did a feeling of disappointment cross Edgar's breast as he read the obituary in the overland papers? Surely it was a mysterious dispensation that cut off good and useful men like Walker and Stokesby — plunging their families in affliction — and spared a worthless reprobate, whose nearest relations would have been thankful that he had come to no worse ending. But although he groped in the dark, Edgar did not distrust Providence, and looked confidently forward to his way being lightened up for him.

But the great crisis impending was Captain Fernside's arrival. Edgar had fully made up his mind to protect Milly against her husband, irrespective of the consequences to himself. He could not conceal that a scandal might ensue, which would place him in a difficult position with his congregation, or even compel him to give up his charge altogether. But much as he was attached to Meadow Street, he would gladly sacrifice the living rather than that Millicent should be without a champion in the hour of need. What he was to do he knew not, but he felt that his place was by her side, to ward off from her whatever danger might arise. And as all the confidence of the inmates of Little Lorton rested upon his friendship, he was thoroughly resolved that their trust in him should not be misplaced.

Meanwhile the scandal was still gaining ground in the congregation. Mr. Swift had raked up all the available evidence against the minister, but finding nothing supported by proof beyond the bare fact of Mr. Wayne's constant visits to Little Lorton, had been obliged to throw up the case. But so indefatigable was

that gentleman and his colleagues, Messrs. Phillips and Goodsir, that the heads of the congregation were soon obliged to yield to the popular clamour, and a "caucus" meeting was held in Mr. Swift's counting-house to consider the conduct of Mr. Wayne, and the scandal occasioned thereby to the Church and to religion. The Hoskinses, the Lanes, and the Chesams attended, rather that they might see fair play than that they wished to countenance the popular clamour. When, in spite of their exertions, a motion was carried that a deputation should wait upon the minister and represent to him the congregation's anxiety regarding his connection with Mrs. Fernside, and their wish that he should discontinue calling at her house, they took care that Mr. Swift himself should be selected for the unpopular mission. A second meeting was held at Mr. Chesham's the same evening, and a telegram was despatched to Mr. Silas, who was then in London, begging him to come home upon business of the utmost importance. By the exercise of his authority, they hoped that the ground of offence might be quietly removed, and Mr. Swift's efforts to make mischief be happily frustrated.

Mr. Swift, however, was not the man to postpone the discharge of a duty to his fellow-members, especially when that duty was to sit in judgment upon the faults of a neighbour. Next afternoon he waited upon the minister, and with many expressions of his own regard, and of the reluctance with which he had undertaken a disagreeable task, he stated his errand. Edgar heard him with a feeling of relief. He knew Mr. Swift's real character, and he was thankful that his opponent was one with whom he could deal in a firm manner. Had his old friends Mr. Chesham or Mr. Lane been the ambassador, he would have been put to a severer trial.

"If any man were to walk into your office and accuse you of breach of trust, Mr. Swift, how would you act?" he demanded, after his visitor had pompously unburdened himself of the message. "I am afraid you would be inclined to kick him down-stairs."

Mr. Swift was obliged to confess that he might be tempted to such a carnal act.

"But if I, a minister of the Gospel, were to commit such violence, the whole world would cry shame upon me, I suppose," said Mr. Wayne.

Mr. Swift, looking uneasily at the parson's athletic proportions, hastily answered that such a proceeding on the part of a minister would be highly improper and unclerical.

"And knowing that my hands were thus tied up, you come and insult me, charging me with breach of trust to my Master, and insinuating that I have been guilty of one of the basest acts that a man can commit. Mr. Swift, I am sorry for you. I knew that you were one of those who held the form but not the spirit of Christianity, but I did not think that you were capable of such meanness as to insult a man who could not resent your rudeness. Had I been a layman, sir, you had not dared to say such a thing."

Mr. Swift began to stammer out incoherent excuses about duty to his fellow-members—welfare of the Church—zeal for the cause of religion—no offence to Mr. Wayne—and scandal likely to arise; but the minister sternly stopped him. "Had I the slightest respect for your character, Mr. Swift, or if I thought that you had the least spark of Christian kindness in your heart, I should have at once explained my motives; but to you I shall only say, Tell those who sent you that I shall resign my charge if they wish it, but not as a guilty person; and that I decline to be dictated to in my private affairs. By another messenger I might have sent another answer. You will excuse me if I refuse to discuss this matter further;" and holding open the door, he coldly bowed the mortified Mr. Swift out of his study.

In a few hours all Lorton was on fire at the indignity offered to Mr. Swift. He had been actually turned out of the room; the minister had set the congregation at defiance—had even spoke of kicking Mr. Swift down-stairs—had said that he would rather give up his church than his mistress—and a hundred other equally wild exaggerations. Even those who had been inclined to take Mr. Wayne's part agreed that such conduct could be no longer tolerated, and that whatever the scandal might be, Mr. Wayne must on no account be allowed to preach next Sabbath unless he made some explanation and apology.

As it happened, Mr. Wayne did not preach next Sunday. Mr. Silas, driving home from the station that evening, deeply distressed at the trouble which had come upon his family, saw Edgar walking rapidly in the direction of the

Little Lorton road. He stopped the conveyance and got down.

"My dear boy," he said, "you must forgive me if I speak to you about this sad matter. It has given me a deal of trouble for a long time, although I scrupled to mention it. Don't think that I doubt your honour in the least; but really you are giving serious occasion for scandal to the congregation, and I do hope you will be prevailed upon to cease your visits to that house."

"My dear father, you must forgive me if I decline. If comforting the helpless and the afflicted can scandalize any one, I am extremely sorry for him. You cannot think how much I love her, nor what I would sacrifice to make her happy."

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Silas, with an involuntary sigh; "I fear you will get into an awful scrape with the world."

"God can put me right," said Edgar, bowing his head reverently as he resumed his walk; and Mr. Silas returned to Bank Square with a heavy heart.

Edgar strolled on, his head in a whirl, hardly knowing where he was going, but mechanically following the road to Little Lorton. The night seemed to be closing around him, and no ray of light showed where the dawn was to break. As he walked up the avenue towards the house, Robert, the gardener, came hastily running towards him.

"Hi, Mr. Wayne, Mr. Wayne! Miss Jemima says as how you musn't come near the house if you haven't had the smallpox. Poor Miss Milly—Mrs. Fernside, I mean—be mortal bad, and Dr. Copeby have been with her all the afternoon."

"Good heavens, Robert! how did this happen?" asked Edgar. "She was well enough when I was here last. But I am not afraid of infection, and will see Miss Fernside."

And up he went to the house in spite of Miss Jemima, who waved him off from the drawing-room window. The old ladies were in great consternation. Millicent, it appeared, had been visiting the sick child of the coachman, and it was soon discovered that the little girl's illness was smallpox of the virulent type. The little one was dead, and Dr. Copeby considered Millicent in a critical condition, but still he had hopes.

In spite of Miss Jemima's remonstrances, Edgar insisted upon seeing the patient, and he was at last admitted to the sick-room. "I should not have allowed you to expose yourself in this fash-

ion, Wayne," said Dr. Copeby, who was an old college friend, "if I did not think you might be of use. It would be well to have a minister beside her, for though I hope for the best, I much fear she will not get over it."

Edgar said nothing, but something within told that he was in the presence of death. We pass over the last dread scene. Edgar returned to Bank Square weary in body, but much relieved in mind, next morning, and went to bed at once. It was three weeks before he rose out of it, for he had in turn been seized by the disease. And thus it came to pass that Mr. Booth had to supply the pulpit in Meadow Street on the following Sunday.

Mr. Booth's discourse will long be remembered in the annals of the Meadow Street Chapel. "Judgment sermons" were his specialty, but on this occasion he exceeded all his previous efforts. The backbiting, slandering, uncharity, and ingratitude towards the best of ministers, who was at that moment lying at the point of death — nay, might even then be accusing them before the throne — was heartily brought home to the members of Meadow Street, each of whom felt angry with himself and more angry with his neighbour. Mr. Chesham hurried to the foot of the pulpit to congratulate the preacher when the service was over, and Mr. Booth found himself for the time the idol of the aristocratic chapel. As for Mr. Swift, he found occupation in counting the "offering" until the congregation had well dispersed, and next day he went away with his wife for a month's change of air to Combeport. And the reaction did not stop until Mr. Wayne became the most popular minister that had ever preached in Lorton; and Bank Square, during the remainder of his illness, was crowded like a market-place with those who came to inquire about his health.

My story is now finished. In a sketch like the present, the proper thing, I am told, would be to point out how Providence interposed in the affairs of Edgar Wayne, and moralize thereupon to the length of at least half a column. The British public, I am also sneeringly informed, "believe in Providence." But in truth I cannot tell whether Providence interfered at all in the matter. About "interpositions" I know little, and can say nothing; but this I know, that the whole systems of nature and human society are overruled for good to God's

creatures, and that trust in Him is its own reward, whatever may be the issue of earthly affairs.

From The Edinburgh Review.

LIVES AND LETTERS OF BEETHOVEN.*

CERTAIN statues of ancient fame are known to us only from a comparison of the copies of them which exist in different museums. One copy preserves features which another has lost: size, workmanship, material lend their concurrent aid. Bronze may restore what has perished in marble; but it is only by bearing in mind all the existing copies that a complete conception of the original work can be formed. The same may be said of portraits: our idea of Shakespeare, Cromwell, or Mary Stuart does not rest on one work of a man of genius, a Raphael or a Reynolds, who paints the man "for ever at his best and fullest," but is made up of partial glimpses caught from various pictures from the hands of commonplace artists. It is so with biographies. Written as they are, some with an antiquarian view, some to propagate a dogma or serve a political purpose, those which have literary merit rarely represent but to distort; whilst those which are faithful to their original resemble photographs rather than pictures, and, sacrificing perspective to completeness, become exhaustively dull. How few biographies are to be found which are at once readable and trustworthy; and of these few how few again are written by Germans! The German mind would seem to have all the necessary qualities of biographers; yet no biographies are so unreadable as German biographies. French tact and insight give reality to a picture which owes little to research or honest attention to facts. English common sense seldom wholly misconceives its subject, seldom fails to have some idea of arrangement, some sense of pro-

* 1. *Ludwig van Beethoven's Leben*. Von ALEXANDER W. THAYER, nach dem Original-Manuscript deutsch bearbeitet. Vol. I. Berlin: 1855. Vol. II. Berlin: 1872.

2. *Chronologisches Verzeichniss der Werke Ludwig van Beethovens*. Von W. THAYER. Berlin: 1855.

3. *Beethoven's Letters, &c.* Translated by Lady WALLACE. London: 1865.

4. *Biographische Notizen über Ludwig van Beethoven*. Von RIES und WEGELER. Coblenz: 1838.

5. *Beethoven und seine Werke*. Von OTTO MUHLBRECHT. Leipzig: 1866.

6. *Beethoven, eine Kunststudie*. Von WILH. VON LENZ. Cassel: 1855.

7. *Ludwig van Beethoven, Leben und Schaffen*. Von A. D. MARK. Berlin: 1863.

portion, some reticence. But the German biographer is possessed by the demon of detail; like the leaden mantle of the Inferno, detail weighs him down so that he cannot lift himself up and see the land in which he is walking. He is like Percinet in the fairy tale, sitting amidst mountains of unsifted feathers, and, alas! with no hope of a fairy godmother to come to his help. His work is full of facts, great and small, relevant and irrelevant, but will never have a place in literature, nor be fit for more than material: invaluable material, it is true, but not yet literature. There were many biographies of Goethe before Mr. Lewes gathered them up into a work which is the delight of all who read it. *Sed omnes* — but who reads them now? Who shall give us a life of Weber, Gluck, or Schubert? There is no want of biographers; but they only escape from facts to be lost in clouds of enthusiasm. It is no relief to turn from Mr. Thayer (who, by the way, is not a German, though his work appears in the German language, and has all the excellences and defects of a German book) to Herr Nohl or Madame Polko: for the German biographer is never so dull as when he is sentimental, never so commonplace as when he is inspired.

Beethoven has fared no better than his brothers in art. Many volumes have been written about him. His pupils and contemporaries have said nearly all that can be said by the friends of so lonely a man. His life has been written from different points of view by several authors. His works have been arranged, analyzed, criticised. And when Mr. Thayer has published his last volume the collection of materials for a life of Beethoven will be complete. But the life of Beethoven will not have been written. It is impossible to wish for a more complete and trustworthy analysis of the first thirty-five years of his life than that which Mr. Thayer has given. But it is strangely wanting in literary merit. No one who wishes to know what is known about Beethoven can disregard so important a work, or can fail to be thankful to Mr. Thayer for the loving labour expended on it. But to read the book is a labour and a weariness; and we long for the advent of the biographer, whether German or English, who will make the dry bones live and conjure them into the true likeness of so great a man.

Our object in this article will be, not to criticise, whether for blame or praise, the existing biographies of Beethoven,

nor to discuss his place in the history of music or in the ranks of inventors: all we shall endeavour to do is to attempt to give some view of Beethoven as he was, as he appeared to those who lived with him, as he showed himself by his manner of life, his conversation, his letters; with little hope of adding to the materials of the unborn biographer whose work will one day charm us, but desiring to help, if possible, to read the strange riddle which lies hid in Beethoven's life and character, and in the seemingly jarring and discordant life of the "mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies" to find some echo of the beauty and order which inform his great and glorious conceptions.

The facts of the life of Ludwig van Beethoven are his works. There is little in the record of his life to interest us. He lived, like Bach or Schubert, in one place for many years, with little change from year to year: a quiet and monotonous life, presenting none of the contrasts and anxieties which enliven the story of the lives of Gluck, Mozart, or Mendelssohn. He was born in the year 1770, not 1772, as he himself believed, at Bonn, the *Residenz-Stadt* of the Electors of Cologne. His family had practised music for some generations. His grandfather had been capellmeister and first bass at the Electoral Court. His father was a tenor singer in the Opera and chapel; an ill-conditioned, drunken fellow, to whom Ludwig owed little but the accident of his birth and a thorough training in the mechanical handling of the pianoforte. The fame of the child Mozart was recent; and Johann van Beethoven, finding that his son was a boy of extraordinary talent, wished to turn it to account in the same way as Leopold Mozart. The young Ludwig received little other education. He attended a school where he learnt to read and write and gained a smattering of Latin. His father knew nothing of literature or general culture; and all the time which should have been bestowed on the cultivation of the child's mind was devoted to the exercising of his fingers. So long as he practised assiduously no more was wished or expected from him. We are told by one biographer or another how the poor child used to cry over the long dreary exercises on the pianoforte and violin; how he was not allowed to play the untaught melodies which even at that age came to him; how his father would come home from the tavern late at night and drag him out of bed for a lesson. Such stories are often mythical; but Mr.

Thayer's facts rest on a broader foundation than those of most biographers, and he seldom accepts or controverts a popular statement without giving good reason.

No wonder that the boy was not happy at home, and that his childhood and youth had but few joys. He was shy and awkward, and did not make many friends; and in his own family there seems hardly to have been one kindred soul. Of his mother he retained an affectionate recollection; nor would he suffer a word to be said against his father or his brothers; but we cannot fail to see that even in his boyhood the loneliness of genius had fallen to his lot. Some friends and protectors he found in Bonn—Graf Waldstein, to whom the great C Major Sonata is dedicated; and the Breunings, a family still known and honoured in Bonn, took him by the hand. Frau van Breuning was honoured and loved by him as a second mother. Her son Stephan was one of his earliest and latest friends. The daughter, Eleanora, who afterwards married his friend and biographer, Dr. Wegeler, has been set down by sentimental writers as his first love. But there is little foundation for such a belief, though a warm affection and friendship towards the whole family appear in all Beethoven's relations with them. It was in the Breunings' house (which overlooked the square where his statue now stands) that he spent what few hours of happiness his boyhood and youth gave him. Here he could take refuge from the squalor and confusion of his father's house, and find recreation in the books and pictures with which his friends made him acquainted. But his days were often darkened by gloomy moods. He had few companions and fewer sympathizers; and we may see the traces of bitter recollections in a letter written in 1793 to E. van Breuning, in which he says: "You will, I trust, find your friend a happier man, for whom time and his kinder fate will have smoothed the furrows of former perverse fortune." Alas! the perversity was in his own nature; and in spite of all the smiles of fortune the cloud which had settled on his head grew darker and darker till the end.

So wonderful a genius as that of Beethoven could not remain entirely unknown. There is, however, a striking difference between his boyhood and that of Mozart. At an age when Mozart was sitting on Imperial knees, and receiving jewelled snuff-boxes and gold watches from princes and cardinals, Beethoven

was living the uneventful life of a musician at the Electoral Court; playing the viola in the orchestra and the organ in the church, and figuring in scarlet and gold-lace as one of the Elector's band on gala-days. At fifteen he gained the right to wear a sword at court, as assistant to the court organist, Neefe. Stories are told of his pianoforte-playing, which we may easily believe was something very different from the fashionable style of the time, the graceful but precise style of Abt Vogler and Mozart; but he did not attract any marked attention. He was a promising musician, with an unusual power of "Phantasiren," and remarkable dexterity of finger—and that was all. The Elector showed him no special favour; and in a list of the court musicians, when Beethoven was twenty-one years old, he is mentioned merely as one of the band, and a player of clavier-concertos. His name is not among those which are marked as belonging to composers or virtuosos! Here and there, it is true, an intelligent observer saw something more than ordinary in the young player. For example, a writer in a musical paper of the same year speaks of "den lieben guten Bethoven" as belonging to the first rank of players, equal in execution and superior in expression to Vogler himself. But he had written, or at least published little; and for the public of Bonn he was only one of the Elector's musicians. They had not discovered how bright a star had risen in their dull firmament.

Graf Waldstein's interest with the young Elector, Max Franz (the brother of Maria Antoinette and Maria Theresa's favourite son) obtained for the young Beethoven the funds necessary for a journey to Vienna, then (1792) the centre of German art and culture, the city of Mozart and Haydn. Mozart *vidit tantum* in an earlier visit to Vienna, from which his mother's death recalled him. It is possible that he may have had a few lessons from the great master. It is tolerably certain (though the details of the story have a mythical tinge) that he played before Mozart, and attracted his attention by that extraordinary power in improvising from a given theme of which we have spoken above. Mozart was now dead, and Haydn was king. Haydn received him as a pupil, and gave him instruction in the theory of music and composition. But there was never much cordiality between them. Haydn was too courtly and ceremonious to like the un-

couth genius whose slovenly dress and uncombed hair must have offended him almost as much as his intolerable self-conceit and obstinacy. He had bowed his head before the genius of Mozart, and had not been ashamed to learn of his scholars. But it was hardly to be expected of him that in his old age he should admit the claims of this "Great Mogul" (as he called Beethoven), who compared himself to Goethe and Handel, and did not scruple to give his own authority for breaking the simplest rules of musical composition.

Beethoven, on his side, mistrusted (most unjustly we may believe) the honesty of Haydn, and suspected him of jealousy. He was enraged at finding that his musical exercises were not faultlessly corrected; and took the opportunity of Haydn's visit to England (in 1794) to break off their connection. Nor would he ever allow himself to be called Haydn's scholar; maintaining that he had had lessons from him, but had learnt nothing. It was, indeed, no light task to teach so unruly a pupil, who knew by intuition what others taught and learnt, and would not submit his judgment to rules of which he did not feel the necessity. Beethoven, we are told, seldom spoke of Haydn but with some expression of disparagement. The fault was probably on his side; it is one among many instances of the suspicion and ill-will with which he regarded those whose claims in any way interfered with his own.

Beethoven had no just reason to envy or fear rivals. Whether helped by the influence of Count Waldstein, or the kindness of Haydn, he had not long to wait for success and acknowledgment. Waldstein was connected by birth or marriage with many of the great people at the Elector's Court. The echoes of Mozart were still vibrating in the drawing-rooms of Vienna; and the grandees who had been his patrons were glad to welcome an artist whose playing, if it did not agree with established canons of taste, was so masterly and original as to leave no place for a rival. Vogler could not reach him in expression, nor Hummel in execution. Czerny, Cramer, Wölfl — it was a great time for pianoforte-players — were obliged one after the other to yield to his "gigantic" playing. The Abbé Gelinek, who had gone down as to an easy victory to measure himself against the presumptuous young man, came away saying, "He is not a man; he is the devil himself. He plays us all dead; and how he improvises!"

There was indeed but one opinion about his playing. He attempted and achieved difficulties which had never been conceived before. His short broad fingers seemed little adapted for brilliant execution, and contrasted ludicrously with Wölfl, whose spider hands could span twelve notes with ease; yet his dexterity in rapid passages, double shakes, scales, &c., is spoken of as unrivalled. He would invent and execute unprepared *bravura* passages of greater difficulty than any that are found in his published works. If he was too impatient to perfect his execution of delicate passages, the tempestuous energy of his playing supplied by inspiration the defect of practice. But it was his execution of slow and pathetic movements which set him far above all his contemporaries. There was a largeness and depth of feeling which we who know the slow movements of the D major and F minor sonatas can well believe to have been in their composer; but which appeared miraculous to those who heard him for the first time — for we must remember that he was not known as a composer at this time. He had perfected his mastery over the instrument by improvising — an art too much neglected now, if too highly prized then. "His improvising," says his pupil Ries, "was the most extraordinary thing that could be heard, especially when he was in good humour or excited. No other artists approached him in the height on which he stood. The richness of the ideas which crowded on him, the caprices to which he lent himself, the variety of handling the difficulties which offered themselves, or were introduced by him, were unsurpassed. . . . In a crescendo passage he often held the Tempo back into a ritardando. This gave a very fine and striking effect. He would give now with the right hand, now with the left, a beautiful and wholly inimitable expression." The artist Mähler mentions his improvising for two hours together; during the whole of which time there was not a single bar which was faulty or wanted originality. Among many anecdotes referring to this extraordinary power we choose one related by Mr. Thayer, from Czerny. Ignaz Pleyel had brought some new quartetts to Vienna, which were performed at the house of Prince Lobkowitz: —

At the close Beethoven, who was present, was begged to play. As usual he had to be pressed again and again, and at last was almost dragged by force to the instrument by

the ladies. With an impatient gesture he snatched from the violin-desk the open second violin part of Pleyel's quartet, threw it on the desk of the pianoforte, and began to improvise. His playing had never been more brilliant, original, and grand than on that evening. But through the whole improvisation in the middle parts ran like a thread or Canto Fermo the notes, unimportant in themselves, of the accidentally open page; on which he built the noblest melodies and harmonies in the most brilliant concert style. Old Pleyel could only show his astonishment by kissing his hands. After such improvisations Beethoven would break out into a loud ringing merry laugh.

It was as a composer, however, that Beethoven himself felt his strength. He had hitherto had little regular instruction in composition, though he had learned much during the years in which he had played in the Elector's orchestra. He now set himself steadily to work under Schenck, Salieri, Albrechtsberger, and other teachers of more or less fame, to learn the secrets of composition and the capabilities of instruments. The result was the first great outburst of his musical creations. It may be that the instruction he so eagerly sought made him conscious of his deficiency in technical knowledge, and that he avoided publication till he felt more sure of possessing not only the power of invention, but also the skill to present his inventions in perfect form. At all events, little was published till 1795; then appeared in rapid succession a concerto in C (which he played at the first rehearsal in C \sharp on finding that the pitch of the pianoforte was a semitone flat for the instruments), a large number of pianoforte sonatas, the two famous songs "Ah perfido!" and "Adelaide," quintetts, quartetts, and trios, a second concerto, the septett, and the first symphony: all of which were published before the summer of 1800. Beethoven had the good fortune granted to Mendelssohn, but denied to Schubert and Schumann, of finding subscribers and publishers for each work as it was completed. He lived in Prince Lichnowsky's house, and was on familiar terms with Prince Lobkowitz, Lichnowsky's brother Count Carl, and other noble friends whose names appear in his letters, and in the subscription-lists for his works. One of his most intimate and faithful friends was Zmeskall, to whom a large number of his existing letters were addressed. These letters, full of affectionate terms and careless gaiety—the wit is rather elephantine—are among the most charac-

teristic we have; showing, as they do, how little of the misanthrope there was in Beethoven, who so bitterly resented the imputation of misanthropy. The weekly concerts in Prince Lichnowsky's house, and his influence in musical circles at Vienna, gave Beethoven the opportunity of hearing and conducting each new work as it came out. He had leisure to work, an appreciating public, good pay from publishers and patrons; he lived among sympathizing friends; he had in himself the consciousness of growing powers, and circumstances gave him every hope of devoting all his energy to that which he felt to be his destiny, and which he worshipped as his highest aim in life—to utter in immortal works the speech which God had given him. No brighter prospect, it would seem, could be dreamed of by the young composer. But his own nature forbade him to rest content, or to take pleasure in his good fortune. He could not bear the restraint of Lichnowsky's house: to be shaved and dressed by three in the afternoon, to be waited on by any servant but his own, to be expected to play at certain fixed times, seemed to him intolerable bondage. Himself more irritable than all his brethren in art, he imagined that all the artists in Vienna were his enemies—that oversights were insults, and studied kindnesses conspiracies. But there was a deeper reason for discontent. The cloud was beginning to gather which was to overshadow his whole future, and make the life of Beethoven one of the most pathetic stories in the history of art. For several years he had tried to resist a conviction that his sense of hearing was becoming imperfect. At length he could hide from himself no longer the fact that he was becoming deaf. He writes to his friend Wegeler (June 29, 1800):—

My hearing during the last three years has become gradually worse. . . . My ears are singing and ringing (*sausen und brausen*) perpetually, day and night. I may indeed say that my life is very wretched; for nearly two years past I have avoided almost all society, because I find it impossible to say to people *I am deaf!* In any other profession than mine this might be more tolerable, but in mine such a condition is truly frightful. . . . In the theatre I am obliged to lean close up against the orchestra in order to understand what the actor says, and when a little way off I hear none of the high notes of instruments or voices. . . . How often have I cursed my existence! Plutarch has led me to resignation. I will if possible set Fate at defiance, although

there must be moments in my life when I shall be the most unhappy of God's creatures. I entreat you to say nothing of my affliction to any one, not even to Lorchén.* . . . Resignation! what a miserable refuge! and yet it is my sole remaining one.†

And again a few months later:—

You could scarcely believe what a sad and dreary life mine has been for the last two years: my defective hearing everywhere pursuing me like a spectre, making me fly from every one and appear a misanthrope—*und bin's doch so wenig!*‡

We would transcribe in addition to these letters that most interesting document which is generally known as Beethoven's Will, addressed to his brothers and dated 1802; but the length of it makes this impossible, and it is difficult to select passages from a piece which should be read as a whole. A few lines may be given:—

Alas! how could I proclaim aloud the deficiency of a sense which ought to have been more perfect with me than with other men—a sense which I once possessed in the highest perfection, to an extent indeed that few of my profession ever enjoyed! . . . Such things brought me to the verge of desperation, and well-nigh caused me to put an end to my life. Art! Art! alone deterred me. Ah! how could I quit the world before bringing forth all that I felt it was my vocation to produce! . . . Constrained to become a philosopher in my 28th year! . . . God! thou lookest into my heart; Thou knowest it; Thou knowest that love of mankind and feelings of benevolence have their abode there. Oh! ye who may some day read this, think that you have done me injustice; and let the unhappy be consoled by finding one like himself, who, in defiance of all obstacles of nature, has done all that was in his power to be included in the ranks of worthy artists and men.§

"A true *de profundis clamavit*," says Mr. Thayer. It is the Werther-cry of the suffering spirit, conscious of greatness, longing for sympathy and appreciation; but different in this, that Werther's passion is imagined, this is real. These few pages show us all the beauty of Beethoven's nature, and must be read by all who desire to know what he truly was, to clear themselves of the misconceptions which lie on the surface of his stormy and passionate life, and see beneath them the warm heart worthy of a great man.

It is indeed a strange contrast that

such a calamity should have fallen on such a man, a hard calamity for any one to bear: but who can wonder that Beethoven almost despaired under its weight? It is true, as Dr. Hiller has said, that the musician receives as much pain as pleasure through the ear, and that the man whose inner ear could hear the harmonies of the Second Mass could have had no need of the outer ear to interpret music to him. Still, it must have been of all sorrows the most cruel to the great musician never to hear his own creations but with the ear of fancy or of memory, to be content as it were with the shadow and picture of music, and to renounce for ever the sound of his beloved orchestra, the bodily presence of the discordant harmony of instruments, new combinations of which were daily recorded to his genius. Well may Mr. Thayer say,* "The manner in which Beethoven at last raised himself above his great misfortune has in it, indeed, something noble and heroic: and in the grand series of works which he brought out in the decade 1798-1808 we have not only monuments of his genius to admire: they give evidence as well of the superhuman resolution with which he gave expression to the inspirations of this genius under circumstances which might well have weakened its efforts and maimed its energy."

The origin of his deafness is obscure. Beethoven himself ascribed it to a sudden injury to the nerve;† others have supposed that it arose from a violent cold caught between door and window, or an attack of fever; or, again, that it was the result of smallpox, which had left some traces on his face. But whatever the cause, the malady grew worse and worse. In 1804, at a performance of the "Eroica," he could not hear the horns plainly. In 1805 he expresses a wish to hear his opera ("Fidelio") from a distance; "in this way," he says, "my patience will not be so severely tried as when I am close enough to hear my music so bungled."‡ In 1808 he could still conduct with effect, as is shown by the anecdote referring to the first performance of his "Choral Fantasia." About 1810 he began to make use of "Conversation-books," in which his friends note what they had to say to him. Even at this date he had nearly given up

* Wegeler's wife, born Eleanore v. Breuning.

† Lady Wallace, vol. i. p. 23.

‡ Ibid. p. 33.

§ Ibid. p. 49.

* Vol. ii. p. 8.

† See the extraordinary anecdote related by Mr. Thayer, vol. ii. p. 92.

‡ Lady Wallace, vol. i. p. 63.

playing in public. As his deafness increased his playing ceased to charm. He would play so loud as to break the strings; or drown soft passages of the right hand by striking the keys accidentally with the left. In conducting, too, he ceased by degrees to feel his orchestra; and, thinking of the work rather than the performers, would hurry or retard the time so as sometimes to throw the players into complete confusion. This was especially likely to happen in performances of his later works, in which the unfamiliar modulations and abrupt changes of rhythm offered new and unexpected difficulties to players trained in the school of Haydn and Mozart. When he had got his orchestra at sixes and sevens, Beethoven would burst into a fit of laughter and cry, "Just what I expected! I wished to try and shake such good riders out of the saddle!" An English traveller who saw him in 1823 (four years before his death), speaks of a great change in his appearance since 1816, but says that to his surprise Beethoven could understand everything which was said to him in a loud voice and slowly. In 1824 he could not hear the applause which greeted the 9th Symphony. The story is interesting.* Beethoven did not conduct, but stood near the conductor to give him the *tempi*. The "Scherzo," with its wonderful drum passages, so affected the audience that the storm of applause drowned the orchestra. Beethoven went on beating time till a friend showed him what was going on behind him. At the end of the symphony, the tragic contrast between the deaf man standing before them and the world of sound which had arisen by his creation, completely overcame his hearers, "breaking all the bonds of joy, sorrow, and sympathy." This was the last time he showed himself in a concert: "too plain to him had the consciousness become that he could now no more occupy his position in public; and whilst others left the concert-room joyful and uplifted in heart, he made his way in dejection to his house."

Herr Marx ascribes (and rightly we think) to his deafness much of the capriciousness, suspicion, and ill-humour by which we fear the character of Beethoven is most generally known. "You cannot believe," says Stephan von Breuning in 1804, "what an indescribable impression the loss of his hearing has made

on Beethoven. Imagine the effect on his excitable temperament of the feeling that he is unhappy; then comes reserve, mistrust often of his best friends, and general irresolution. For the most part, only with a few exceptions, where his original feelings have free expression, intercourse with him is a real exertion, as one can never throw off restraint." His very simplicity was curdled into suspicion; for he would listen to what was said against his best friends, say nothing, seek no explanation, and yet treat with the deepest contempt the person whom his unjust suspicions had injured. Some chance word might then show him his error, and he would write such words as these: "I acknowledge that I do not deserve your friendship. . . . I am coming to throw myself into your arms, and to entreat you to restore me my lost friend;" or "I know I have torn your heart. But I have been punished enough by the emotion which you cannot but have observed. . . . forgive me if I pained you. *I suffered myself not less.*"* The key to these apparent contradictions is to be found in the perfect sincerity of Beethoven in word and in deed. He "wore his heart on his tongue," as one of his friends said of him; and, if he was quick to take offence, he was no less ready to make amends. But the hard things which he said in the heat of his anger were remembered, and Beethoven troubled himself too little to explain expressions which were often in the main just, however inconsiderate and irritating. Hence he got a worse reputation than he deserved. "Beethoven hatte ein böses Maul," said one of his acquaintance; and another spoke of him as "ein unausstehlicher Mensch." Indeed, make what allowance we will for the effects of deafness and ill-health, we cannot but acknowledge a petulance and violence of temper beyond all excuse. It is impossible to deny that in his earlier as well as his later years, he was capable not only of violent outbursts of passion, but also of acts of real unkindness. His refusal to play before his faithful pupil Ries on some pretext of his having repeated what he had heard his master play; his suspicion that Ries wished to supplant him in an appointment offered by King Jerome of Westphalia; his ingratitude to Stephan von Breuning; his unjust and even malicious speeches and actions in the case of those whom he

* Schindler, p. 155. Leniz, vol. v. p. 169.

* Thayer, vol. ii. p. 260

fancied to have injured him; his jealousy of other artists—all these, and instances are plentiful, are tokens of a temperament which was by no means wholly amiable. It is painful to think that Schubert struggled with poverty for seven years (the seven last and most troublous years of the older artist's life, it is true) whilst Beethoven lived, and with a word could have made him known and popular; that Rossini, who never injured any one, should have been treated by him with contempt and dislike; that Weber should have had cause to complain of unkindness; that he should have estranged from him Clementi, Cherubini, Hummel, Wölfl—all, in fact, who did not bow down and worship; and that lesser admirers, such as Kuhlau, should have met with hard words instead of encouragement. How different from the unselfishness of Haydn or Mendelssohn! Yet Beethoven at times acknowledged his fault. He was reconciled to Hummel on his death-bed. He placed Haydn's name amongst those of the five or six musicians whose portraits he would wish to hang on the walls of his room. He acknowledged Weber's merits in the "Freischütz," and, if he disparaged him as an artist, he did not disdain him as a friend.

Every character, however fair, has its ugly side—a side which enemies estimate more justly than friends. Beethoven's was an imperfect nature, dark in its shadows as brilliant in its lights. He was no perfectly balanced man, "square, fashioned without flaw," but an impetuous, irregular, altogether human being, whose faults must be treated with reverence, and considered side by side with those virtues of which they were often, as it were, the shadow.

"Beethoven war immer in Liebesverhältnissen," says Wegeler. He said himself laughingly, that he had once been in love with the same woman for seven whole months. That a nature like his should not have been susceptible to love impressions would be incredible; we need not the sonnets to convince us that Shakespeare was a lover; but it was one of the contradictions of Beethoven's nature that his affections were easily transferred, and that in his whole life there is hardly one of his many love affairs which exercised an abiding influence upon him. Indeed, his attachments, the objects of which were for the most part ladies of high rank, to whom a marriage with a musician had have

been an almost impossible *mésalliance*, were rather of the nature of sentiment than love. His letters to Eleonore von Breuning, and still more to Bettina von Arnim,* read like love-letters; but there is little reason to suppose, in either case, anything beyond a sentimental attachment. His purity of character forbids us to suppose that he could deliberately make love to any woman whom he did not hope to marry; but he found pleasure and consolation in the society of women, and his impulsive nature suggested feelings and expressions which were more sincere for the moment than lasting.

Dr. Ludwig Nohl (whose "Life of Beethoven" is constructed on a basis of artistic truth) has conceived the idea that such a man's life must contain one complete love-scene, and, accordingly, he finds it in Beethoven's relations with the Countess Giulietta (or Giulia) Guicciardi—the lady to whom the C[♯] Minor Sonata (known to amateurs as the "Moonlight Sonata") is dedicated. Apart from any poetical adaptation, the facts appear to be these: Beethoven, now (1802) in the most prosperous circumstances of his life, felt able to fulfil his constant wish to marry. He made the acquaintance of the Countess Guicciardi, a girl of seventeen, fell in love with her, probably proposed marriage to her, and was rejected on the ground of unequal birth. The whole affair seems not to have lasted many months, and Mr. Thayer gives good reasons for believing that the impassioned letters, the object of which is generally supposed to have been the Countess Guicciardi, were not written during the time of her acquaintance with Beethoven. Apart from letters, the story assumes smaller proportions. We are told, however, that on her refusal he fled for comfort to the country-seat of his friend the Countess Erdödy; that he disappeared for two days; and, after long search, was found faint with exhaustion and hunger, in a distant corner of the gardens. The lady married Count Gallenberg, with whom she led an unhappy life. Some twenty years later, Beethoven said of her (in the strange jargon which served him for French; he never could write or speak any language correctly), "J'étois bien aimé d'elle et plus que jamais son époux. Il étoit pourtant plus son amant que moi . . . arrivée à Vienne, elle cherchoit moi pleurant, mais je la méprisois."

The whole affair is a riddle; but we

* If the latter are genuine, which seems doubtful.

may safely say with Mr. Thayer, "The material for a tragedy is slight enough in a case where the lover writes, 'I feel now for the first time that marriage *could* bring happiness;' and adds immediately afterwards, 'Indeed at this moment I could marry no one,' because, forsooth, the satisfaction of his ambition was more precious to him than domestic happiness with his beloved."

We must not blame him too lightly. Not on the ground on which Goethe has been excused, which really is no more than that "hearts are many and poets are few," but because Art is as exacting a mistress as ambition; and it is not for critics to estimate the all-absorbing influence which she can exercise upon creative minds. Art as well as religion sometimes requires nothing short of absolute sacrifice.

The period from 1800 to 1805 was as productive as the preceding five years had been. Beethoven had now learnt as practice alone can teach it the art of writing for instruments. He had invented a new order of pianoforte music, and in perfecting himself in writing the quartets he had conceived something of the orchestral glories of his later years. Amongst other works belonging to this period we may mention as most generally known the sonatas in C \sharp minor, A \flat , C major (Waldstein), the "Kreutzer" violin duet, the F \sharp minor sonata, commonly called (but not by the composer) the "Appassionata"—a misleading title to a work whose characteristic is deep thought and feeling rather than passion—and of more important works the second and third symphonies, the "Mount of Olives," and "Fidelio." "Going," as he said, "ever onwards," he never relaxed his industry, and of his advance in power and knowledge the immortal "Eroica" symphony is sufficient evidence, separated as it is by an interval of four years at the most from the lovely but immature symphony in C (No. 1.) with its echoes of Haydn and Mozart. He was already out of reach of his contemporaries. He was worshipped by the young musicians, Ries, the younger Czerny, Weber, Spohr, and his patrons the lords and ladies of Vienna stood faithfully by him. But the older musicians shook their heads. Albrechtsberger, to whom no idea ever occurred which could not be treated in double counterpoint, said: "Have nothing to do with him; he has learnt nothing and will never write anything properly." Haydn, with all his gen-

erosity, could not heartily like music which was travelling further every day into regions which he had not visited, and which even Mozart had dimly described from prophetic heights. The players were almost all against him; and it must be acknowledged that apart from the difficulty of the music which he set before them many of them had personally no great cause to love him. But as is usually the case the critics were more in the dark than the rest of the world. The musical journals were full of such expressions as "obscure artifice or artificial obscurity," "bizarre, wild, and shrill," "confused explosions," "thoughts wildly heaped one on another," and so on; the "Eroica," we are told, would gain by the abridgment of some passages and the sacrifice of many over-strained modulations. The excessive use of wind instruments is condemned: the length of the work was said to be enough to tire musicians and disgust amateurs. One writer, in a tone which reminds us of the wisdom which now-a-days enlightens us as to the shortcomings of Schumann and Wagner, suggests that "Herr von Beethoven should give us more works like the symphonies in C and D, his charming septett, and other earlier compositions, which must set him once for all in the ranks of the first instrumental composers." But Beethoven cared as little for critics as for players. "It amuses them," he said, "to say or print such things of me, so let them go on as they like." It was not for him to think of fiddlers or scribblers when "the Spirit spake to him, and he wrote."

These and other indications throw some light on Beethoven's relations with the musical world, and show how his own nature, his malady, and his position with the public drove him to pursue his art alone, to trust to his own inspiration, and to leave at a distance the world which would not follow. His oratorio, "Christus am Oelberge" * (the Mount of Olives) had fallen flat, and his other works continued to give less pleasure than those which he himself condemned as immature and could not bear to hear praised.

We next come to the composition of "Fidelio." It was written in 1804-5, played to an empty house three days after the entry of the French army into Vienna, November 20, 1805, and withdrawn after the third performance. There are many anecdotes connected with the

* About 1800.

composition of this great work — how Beethoven found it almost impossible to write for voices; how he elaborated every passage of the music which seems so fresh and spontaneous, writing and re-writing his sketches in gigantic characters till at last the perfect form was revealed. How the singers — such of them as dared — came to him with complaints that the pieces written for them were impossible, but were driven away with rough words and explosions of anger. How the mere suggestion of an alteration threw him into such a violent passion with Prince Lobkowitz that on passing by the Prince's palace he could not restrain himself from rushing in at the gate and shouting "Lobkowitzscher Esel!" How his friends insisted on the withdrawal of some pieces from the opera, and Beethoven, after an outburst of unusual fury, at last consented and showed himself like a summer's day after a thunderstorm. These details and many more enliven the history of the opera, and throw a various light on the composer's character; but we must pass on to other works and other deeper troubles.

Beethoven appears to have been much dejected at the ill-success of "Fidelio." He blamed himself for having gone too much into society, and lost hours which would have been precious for art. Henceforth he determined no longer to disguise his deafness, no longer to seek and please his critics, but to go straight on in what he felt was the true path of art, and live for music alone.

It was not possible, however, to avoid all engagements. Concerts, rehearsals, the visits of friends and strangers, lessons given to his kind but exacting friend the Archduke Rudolf, made inroads on his precious time. Impatient of all restraints he would leave Vienna, and take refuge in some country village, writing all day and half the night through: then at some fancied interruption hurry back to his new lodgings in the town, leaving the rooms vacant which he had occupied for a few weeks only. At one time he was paying the rent of four lodgings at once; once he changed his lodging because a certain baron made him too many compliments! He was always at war with his landlord. Sometimes in the fever of composition he would walk about howling and roaring (they are his pupil Ries' words), and flood the room with water which he poured upon his hands to cool his thoughts. Then the lodger in the rooms below would complain of a

spoilt ceiling, and the angry composer would pack up his few possessions and be off to another dwelling as comfortless as the last — for wherever Beethoven was, there was discomfort and disorder. He could not always find a resting place, for his fellow-lodgers found him an intolerable neighbour, and would not live in rooms made uninhabitable by the noise which went on all night long, whilst the inspired madman beat time overhead with fist and foot to the music which was building itself up in his brain. Driven from one lodging to another, he used to return again and again to the hospitable house of one of his patrons, who always kept a prophet's chamber ready for him. "Leave it empty," he used to say; "Beethoven is sure to come back again."

This perpetual change was not due entirely to restlessness. Like all sensitive natures, he was affected by gloom and sunshine; he liked to see a cheerful view from his windows, and was keenly susceptible to the influences of nature. Like Goethe's Werther, he used to roam whole days, and even whole nights, when the weather was warm, over the beautiful country in the neighbourhood of Vienna, forgetful of everything but nature and music. "As we walked," says a traveller who visited him a few years before his death, "he often stopped and pointed out the beauties of the scenery. . . . At another time he seemed quite lost in thought, and hummed in an unintelligible manner to himself." These were his moments of fullest inspiration. The ideas which came to him thus he used to note down on music-paper (which, like Mozart, he always carried with him), and worked them up afterwards, often entirely changing the motive which had first occurred to him. One of his visitors met in the fields a strange, unearthly figure wandering without aim, bareheaded, with great black eyes staring on vacancy, unconscious where he was going; and stood by to let him pass, fearing to interrupt his meditations. A large portion of his time was spent thus in the open air; his daily walk was never interfered with by any weather, never interrupted by troublesome acquaintances. All Vienna knew and honoured him. All who met him made way for him to pass, with tokens of respect which Beethoven never failed to acknowledge, though often long after he had passed. "It is me they are saluting," he said to Goethe, who thought this homage was paid to himself.

Simple as was his life, his constant

change of residence and his carelessness about money often brought him into difficulties. Money came in fast, but went out faster. Gold snuffboxes and ducats melted like sugar. He never knew what or how he spent. The waiters at the cafés in Vienna were content to be unpaid sometimes if they were paid double and treble the next day. It was not worth while to quarrel with a privileged person, who always had the laugh on his side, and who had been known to throw a dish full of meat at the head of a waiter suspected of cheating.

It was at the café, after his day's work, when he was seated at dinner with one or two friends —

Ein Gericht und ein freundlich Gesicht,

that he appeared at his best. Those who knew him speak of his loud laughter, his richness and originality of conversation, his wit bold and reckless as his harmonies, his strong opinions, his interest in books and politics. On all hands we see the signs of the broad and wholesome humanity which formed the ground of his strangely mingled character, so much caricatured and so little understood by the retailers of anecdote, who can see nothing in Beethoven but an inspired artist and a mixture of misanthrope and buffoon. To his friends he was a warm-hearted, unselfish friend, not to be treated carelessly, much less to be played with or slighted; a friend whose friendship was worth a sacrifice, because it was founded on perfect sincerity, and could endure no suspicion of insincerity in others. That Beethoven — Great Mogul as he was, and capable of many unmannerly words and actions — was not unacceptable to those who loved good society, we may learn from the fact of his having always been well received by the great ladies of a ceremonious court. It was true that his dress was untidy to dirtiness; that he picked his teeth with the snuffers, upset inkstands into the pianoforte, and broke everything he touched; and that he had been known to play off ill-bred practical jokes on some of his friends; but, in spite of all incongruity, princesses and countesses — nay, personages of still higher rank — received him as an equal or a superior. This result could hardly have been brought about by his music alone. We believe it to have been partly due to the fact that all who were brought into contact with him felt his greatness, and because in the midst of roughness and

uncouthness there was something about him too winning to be resisted.

But we have spoken of only one side of his life. In the midst of friends, laden with success, and rejoicing in the continual growth of his genius, he was moody and unhappy. "The envious demon," as he said, still dwelt in his ears. Each year shut up fresh avenues of sound, and made him less capable of enjoying human society. He was subject to frequent and painful attacks of illness. He was tormented by indigestion, weak eyes, cold and catarrh, and suffered from the attempts of physicians to cure his deafness. He was always poor in the midst of riches. "Miser et pauper sum," he wrote one day in his journal. "Inter lacrymas et luctum" is the pathetic inscription of one of his sonatas.* "The advent of death will relieve me from a state of endless suffering." "I have drunk to the dregs a cup of bitter sorrow, and already earned martyrdom in art." Such are the utterances of a heart too sensitive to bear the common troubles of life, too proud to seek its common consolations; yet strong enough to support the weight of one great and ever-present, ever-growing calamity.

In the midst of interruptions caused by society, by illness, and by money troubles his industry never slackened. In the years 1806-1814 six symphonies (if we include "Wellington's Sieg") were written: the Mass in C, a number of quartetts, three concertos, the music to "Egmont" and the "Ruins of Athens," besides a host of smaller works. In looking over the catalogue of his compositions the thought suggests itself, if Beethoven could have had leisure during the years in which his genius was reaching its highest perfection, what might he not have done for music! He might have stamped his ideas on the world so as to have directed the course of music for a century more. But it was not to be: and the Second Mass, the Ninth Symphony, and the last quartetts were known too late or too imperfectly to teach his successors that strangeness is not genius, and that the greatest art is always sober.

The number of works which Beethoven produced is sufficient, had we not other evidence, to show how diligently he worked; for though his works do not nearly reach the number of volumes which Bach and Handel wrote, though Mozart in thirty-six years produced far

* Op. 59, for Violoncello.

more than Beethoven in a life nearly twice as long, yet we must remember that Beethoven began to write at a comparatively late age, and that his compositions, often re-written two or three times, contained much more than those of his predecessors. Before Mozart instrumentation was in its infancy, and Beethoven's scores are infinitely more varied and elaborate than any which were written before him. He did not only work with instruments already developed. He was a greater innovator than even Mozart. He invented and developed himself his own treatment of the pianoforte and the orchestra; and throughout his life he was not, like Haydn, engaged in arraying new ideas in familiar forms, but inventing and extending his art in all directions—a Leonardo in experiment, a Michael Angelo in execution.

It is the privilege of artists to be at once early ripe and to make progress to a late period of life. Almost all the great masters were "Wunderkinder." Many of the highest effects of art are the work of young men. Later years, as in the case of Handel, Gluck, Rossini, or, in other paths of art, Rubens, Titian, Velasquez, bring increased technical power and knowledge, firmer judgment, wisdom in sacrifice; but it is only a few fair souls, such as the divine Raphael and his counterpart Mozart, who gain in inspiration as well as in knowledge every year till the day of premature death. "What a work that is!" said Beethoven of a quintett of Mozart. "There Mozart said to the world, 'See what I could do for you if your hour were come!'" So it was with himself. He too was a poet, and one of those whose imagination never ceases to grow. Like Mozart, he would not "write for the long ears," nor subject his inspiration to the musical reviewers. Hence it came that he was less and less understood by his contemporaries; a generation later, even Spohr and the gifted Mendelssohn thought he had wandered from the "one path" of art; and his later works are but now, after fifty years, beginning to receive due appreciation from the world.

Beethoven's dark days, already clouding thickly over him, became darker still after the death of his brother Carl in 1815. His relations with his brothers have been much discussed, and with little result. The common opinion is that they were low-minded, heartless tyrants, who valued their brother only as a means of getting money, robbed him when he was

rich, and neglected or ill-treated him when he was poor. The truth appears to be that they were remarkable neither for villany nor for nobility of character. They did not appreciate their brother's greatness. They probably helped themselves to his money without much scruple, and did little to make his life easier and more happy. But it is certain that Johann at least helped him from time to time, and it is charitable to believe that they shared the fate of many another *fraterculus gigantis*, and are thought to have been worse than they were because their brother lived an unhappy life. Carl married a dissolute woman, to the great sorrow and indignation of his brother Ludwig. He left one son by her on his death in 1815, and appointed as guardian, not his respectable and well-to-do brother Johann, but Ludwig, who rather required a guardian himself than was fit to undertake such a charge. Henceforward his greatest wish in life, next to his art, was to be a father to the boy. He gave up his roving habits and attempted to set up a regular establishment and devote himself to the care of his foster child. And now a sad story begins—a story of misery and wasted energy, in its way as sad as that of Chatterton or Savage. Forced into incongruous circumstances and struggling with vulgar persons and vulgar troubles, the dignity of his figure is obscured. We may not too much pity Beethoven for his deafness and his loneliness; such sorrows, like Milton's blindness, stand above our pity. Beethoven struggling with Fate is sublime; but Beethoven in the squalid discomfort of Hogarth's "Distressed Poet," Beethoven the hero of a "shabby-genteel story," is a sight from which we would gladly turn away. We know nothing more painful to read than the long series of letters in which the tender-hearted, passionate man asks counsel of his friend Zmeskall, utterly perplexed and exasperated by circumstances which to any ordinary citizen of Vienna would have appeared simple and trivial. Difficulties with lawyers, from which the smallest practical knowledge of life would have saved him; ignoble squabbles with cooks, kitchen-maids, and lodging-keepers, dinners ill-dressed, fires ill-lighted, discomfort, ill-health, unkindnesses done and suffered; such are the little miseries by which this great soul was so tortured—"scratched to death with rats and mice," as Mercutio says—that for several years he pub-

lished hardly anything. In the accounts which we have of his life during this period there are indeed comic touches enough; but comedy can have little share in such a drama.

"I know no duty more sacred (he writes) than the education and training of a child." It was in this spirit that he undertook the charge of his nephew, and he was never unfaithful to his ideal. The first duty which he set himself was to keep his ward away from the mother whose influence he feared for her son, and to effect this he engaged in three tedious lawsuits. An ungracious task, one which we may doubt whether he ought to have undertaken. But, however this may be, there is no question that it was undertaken under a sense of the highest duty, and discharged without any indecision or weakness. To the boy himself Beethoven was all tenderness and indulgence. The gentle spirit which was hidden in his roughness was brought to light in this new relation. The child (he was nine years old at his father's death) tyrannized over his uncle, climbed on his chair, and dragged him away from the work which no other person dared to interrupt; occupied his thoughts, which should have been employed in other cares than those of household and education; but gave him little return for all his love, except the easy smiles of a shallow, selfish nature. Nothing gives a truer and more complete view of Beethoven's character, and of the circumstances in which he was placed, than his correspondence at this time; and pity and reverence in turn claim our affections as we read the melancholy pages.

His diary and conversation-books tell the same story. Here and there, among memoranda relating to unruly servants, we read such notices as "another bad day;" days when, as we may imagine, ill-health and troubles at home, and want of leisure and want of money drove him mad with vexation and misery. It happened many times—four days in succession once—that he had hardly a kreutzer to buy his dinner, and had to content himself with a piece of bread and a glass of beer. And yet at this time he had so many commissions for new music that it became another grievance to have so much to do that kept him from the greater works which he was designing. An income of 4,000 * gulden per annum, which had been secured to

him by his friends Lichnowsky, Lobkowitz, Kinsky, and others, fell to less than one-fifth its value in consequence of the troubles of the Empire. But his works brought him in a good income, if it had been spent with common prudence; and, if he had found time or health to travel, he might have filled his pockets with gold. Offers came from Berlin, from Russia, and from England, the country which he always honoured above all others. But he could not (he thought) leave his nephew; he did not know how to set about the arrangements for a journey; his health was bad; and he would not interrupt the progress of works greater than any he had hitherto taken in hand. It was during the troubled years of which we are writing that his ninth symphony, second mass, and last quartets were composed. He had in view, and in part actually in hand, a tenth symphony, another mass, and Goethe's "Faust"; whether this last was to have been in the form of opera, symphony, or, as is most probable, dramatic overtures and interludes. To write "Faust," he said, would be the climax for himself and for Art.

But his work was almost done. Anguish of heart and sickness (for a dropsical tendency was now fully declared) pressed hard upon him. His nephew, his tenderly-loved Carl, the letters addressed to whom are alone evidence enough, if evidence were wanting, of the depth and warmth of his heart, was ungrateful to his benefactor and fulfilled none of his hopes. He lounged about the billiard-tables, and spent his uncle's money in foolish or vicious pleasures. At length he was expelled from the university, and in a fit of despair shot himself. The wound was not mortal, and he lived to be the death of his guardian. A few months later, when the young man's health was re-established (December 1826), Beethoven was sent by his brother Johann back to Vienna in an open carriage (he did not care to lend him his own close carriage). An attack of inflammation of the lungs was the consequence. Taken in time, it might have been checked; but the miserable nephew, when sent for a doctor, gave a chance message to a billiard-marker. The message was forgotten for a day or two, till the billiard-marker, himself taken seriously ill, recollected the commission, and sent a doctor to the house. It was too late; medicine could not relieve the patient; repeated operations only weakened

* About 400*l*.

him. "Better water from my body than from my pen," he said; and on the 29th of March, 1827, he was so evidently sinking that his friends asked him to receive the last Sacraments. The ceremony over, he said, "Plaudite, amici—comœdia finita est." Almost the last request he made was that his thanks should be sent to the Philharmonic Society* for the present of 100*l.*, which (he added) had cheered the last days of his life; and that he thanked, now on the edge of the grave, the Society and the whole English nation. Soon his death agony came on—a terrible struggle between life and death. His last words, whether in wandering or a last spark of his old humour, were, "Do you hear the bell? the scene is changing." "His end came at a quarter to six in the evening, whilst outside the house the thunder and lightning of a violent storm seemed to represent this death agony by the sympathy of Nature, his dearest friend."†

What Beethoven was as a musician the whole world knows, or is learning to know: but his worth as a man is much misconceived. The idea which is most commonly entertained of him is, that he is an unaccountable medley of contradictions, which it is not worth while to investigate; that his works alone are interesting; and that the character of the man is but an accident of his genius. But apart from the question whether his works, as those of all great artists, are not rendered more intelligible by a study of the man who produced them, we are of opinion that the character of Beethoven is of high interest to every student of human nature. In Beethoven, as in other great artists, genius in one direction was combined with ability, but not distinguished ability, in others. Nothing that remains written in his letters or diaries bears the mark of genius. He writes earnestly and eagerly; but we see reflected in his writings rather the passion than the intellectual power of which his works give evidence. His opinions, and his expression of them, are bold, clear, and forcible; and his conversation was vigorous, though full of eccentricity and uneven-

ness. He pronounced on all subjects with equal confidence. "He hates all restraint, and I think there is no one else in Vienna who speaks with so little reserve as Beethoven on all subjects, even politics. . . . His observations are as characteristic and original as his compositions. . . . During the whole course of our conversation at table, nothing was more interesting than what he said of Handel. I heard him say, 'Handel is the greatest composer that ever lived.' I cannot describe with what an expression—I may almost say, how sublimely—he spoke of the 'Messiah' of that immortal genius. Each of us felt thrilled as he said, 'I would bare my head, and kneel upon his grave.'"

His conversation has been likened to one of his own symphonies; and fanciful as it may seem, we believe that the incongruities of his character are best understood through his music. In most cases we seek for an interpretation of art from the life of the artist; but here the converse is the rule. It is so with other instances: we must estimate the lives of such men as Thorwaldsen and Turner, or even Michael Angelo, through their works—which often light up what is obscure, and harmonize what is incongruous in the outward show of their lives. It is only in contact with degrading circumstances that Beethoven's nobleness suffers. There he made his own circumstances; and the manifold harmony of his mind could unfold itself freely. How can we better appreciate the force of mind which was so impressive to those who heard him talk than by contemplating in his scores that power of mastering details, and that complete understanding of his subject of which every page gives proof? Is not this akin to the vigour of intellect which, as we hear, was never weary of political discussions—never lost sight of definite principles—was always bold and consistent in asserting them? Or, again, can we not better understand his bursts of boisterous happiness by remembering the uncontrollable joy of his Scherzos and final movements; the hopelessness of his pain by hearing him speak in the "largo e mesto" of the D major Sonata,* or the second movement of the Seventh Symphony? His sudden changes of mood give and receive interpretation when compared with the passion of such movements as the Scherzo of the Fifth Sym-

* An attempt has been made to found a charge of dishonesty on this present. Beethoven, in fact, had in his possession at the time of his death some bank shares to the value of about 400*l.* But he did not ask for a present: his request was that a concert should be given for his benefit; and the fact of property being found after his death shows at once his inexperience and childish ignorance of business, and his affection to the ungrateful nephew whom he made his heir, and for whom his small savings were kept as a sacred deposit.

† Mühlbrecht, p. 61.

* Op. 10, No. 3.

phony,* or the "prestissimo" of the † E major Sonata. Has not the majesty of "Egmont" or the "Eroica" something corresponding to that dignity which made Beethoven in his strangest excesses always respected and even feared? And when we are startled by strange explosions of discord, and then again charmed by broad sunny passages of pastoral joy, or the unexpected merriment of Scherzos, do we not understand more fully Beethoven's laughter? Laughter of every degree, from the loud "lion-voiced" roar to a smile which has been compared to his own "Pastoral Symphony;" a smile, as Lenz says, like nothing else in the world, which "spread from the corners of his well-formed mouth over his whole countenance, driving before it the shadows of the deep thoughts which dwelt on it, as the rising sun drives the night from the valleys."

There is little to show that Beethoven had any love for the kindred arts of painting or sculpture. He lived before the reviving—such as it is—of Art; and, as far as we know, the only form in which the outward beauty of things was revealed to him was in the face of Nature. How dearly he loved Nature we have seen. Next to music the country was his chief consolation in life; and his love for it is enshrined not only in the "Pastoral Symphony," but in all his works; for one of the special characteristics of his music is its fresh open-air clearness, never obscured by science, nor disfigured by the crabbedness of study—smelling not of the lamp, but of the fresh air and country fragrance.

He had a lively interest in literature. He spent much time in reading; not newspapers only, of which he was voracious, but the best books in prose and verse. Of poetry he was an enthusiastic, if not always a discerning, admirer. He read, and learnt by heart, many passages of Klopstock's "Messiah," till, as he said, it was driven out of his head by the all-embracing Goethe. Schiller also he prized. His other favourites were Voss's Homer—especially the "Odyssey"—Shakespeare, Plutarch, and Sturm—an interesting catalogue as showing how his mind reposed on large ideas, and was gratified with a mysticism which resembles the mysticism of music in its suggestion rather than expression, reflection rather than repetition, of the emotions of an imaginative mind.

No human being is free from some taint of selfishness; and though in Beethoven's heart there were no sordid feelings, pride was in him the form of selfishness which marred the beauty of his character. *Αὐτὸν ἀποτρέφειν* was not enough for him. He must be acknowledged by all as first; and he disparaged and disliked all artists whose claims in any way came into competition with his own. It was this desire to assert himself which made him so many enemies among musicians; which caused him to be rude and ungrateful to his best friends, whom he insulted because they were of higher rank than himself; which made him discontented with a reputation greater than that of any of his contemporaries, and at the same time jealous of every little puff of praise in a newspaper article or from a friend's mouth. "We artists want applause," he said; and no applause was too fulsome to be acceptable to this great music-god, who snuffed up with equal relish the smoke of hecatombs and the humblest incense of foreign pilgrims. Nor is it to be denied that, as a friend, he was not wholly trustworthy. His excessive irritability made enemies of friends, and alienated those from him who could have borne anything but the injustice which was a denial of their friendship; and his correspondence makes us aware that of all the friends who lived round him in his later years few had known him in his youth. Musicians are notoriously quarrelsome; but there have been few musicians whose friends have had so much to forgive them, and yet to whom so much has been forgiven for the sake of friendship.

His friends, however, were mostly among the nobility of Vienna. "My nobility," as he said before the Court which tried the affair of his nephew's guardianship, "is here, and here;" pointing as he spoke to his head and heart. He claimed an absolute right of equality with the highest of the earth. He would be "ebenbürtig" with princes themselves; but in this ostentatious disregard of rank, though it led him into ungracious and foolish actions, there is, we think, no evidence of "snobishness." He treated all men alike; was on as familiar terms with Schuppanzigh the fiddler, as with Lichnowsky the prince of the empire; and if he liked the great, he is not the only artist or poet who has felt the charm of a gracious manner, and has found pleasure in the society of those who have by tradition the art of pleasing.

* Op. 67.

† Op. 109.

His political opinions suffered no injury from this; for he never disguised or softened them—never whilst appreciating the “guinea-stamp” of rank forgot that his respect was due only to humanity. He was from first to last a strong republican by conviction and by sentiment. His sympathy with the French Revolution is well known; not less his outburst of wrath when the news came of the establishment of the Empire. He watched with careful interest the growth of the republican spirit in Germany. He had no theories to which his opinions must be assimilated; his republicanism was as spontaneous as everything else in this true child of nature. The only trace of insincerity is in the famous story of his walk with Goethe, when he refused to salute the imperial family; and this rests on Bettina’s evidence, and may, therefore, be highly coloured: or, if true, what is more likely than that Beethoven should have amused himself at the expense of his courtly friend, whose friendship he would have prized, but disdained his patronage?

Beethoven’s religious sentiments are a mystery. Haydn called him flatly an atheist. He certainly was not an atheist—as certainly he was not the child of the Church like Haydn or Mozart. His republican politics were reflected in his religious views. He disliked priests; he despised ceremonies; and seldom saw the inside of churches. But though his belief tended to free thought rather than to any dogmatic system, there is no doubt that his mind was deeply reverential and even devotional in its aspirations. Many passages in his note-books attest this. Two sentences, which he had written out and hung up in a frame above his writing-table, were his often-quoted confession of faith:—“I am that which exists. I am all that was, that is, that is to be. No mortal man has raised my veil.” . . . “He is alone of Himself; and to Him alone all things owe their being.”*

And, indeed, if there were no positive evidence to this effect, it is impossible to believe that the Second Mass is mere notes, without religious feeling underlying all. His biographers say that at no time of his life was he so completely removed from the earth as during the composition of this work: and who can doubt that when he conceived the ardent aspiration of the “Kyrie,” the triumphant

glory of the “Et resurrexit,” the peace and hope, the self-abasement and divine trust of the “Agnus Dei,” the Master felt by power of faith, as well as by imagination, the realities which expressed themselves in immortal tones? “Ins Unendliche zu greifen,” was his aim and his achievement in this great work. Unless we would repeat and magnify the miracle of Goethe’s “Confession of a fair Saint,” and ascribe to dramatic interest more than it ever produced in this region of art, we must acknowledge in the aspirations of this Mass the feelings of a man capable of the highest reverence, and full of a sense of human weakness and divine presence. “You Protestants cannot conceive what we feel when the Body of the Lord goes by,” said Haydn: and if Beethoven’s view of the Mass was rather that of a mystic than of a Catholic, still we may be sure that in the forms of the Catholic Service he enshrined all that his thought conceived of sacrament and sacrifice; what to Beethoven’s soul was the reality of the Beatific Vision.

It is not our business to judge Beethoven as an artist. The generation which has succeeded him has accepted and ratified all his claims to homage. Bach may excel him in science, Handel in majesty, Mozart in sweetness: but no musician has ever *felt* so deeply—no one has so combined the heights and depths of passion; so written the life of humanity into music; so spoken to the hearts of men in the whole scale of emotion. And our labour will not have been wasted if we have been able in this sketch to show that his life did not wholly jar with his music; that in his tenderness and faithfulness of heart, his uprightness and truthfulness, in his anger and his repentance, his moody sorrow and buoyant gladness, is shown the same greatness of nature of which the truest and highest expression is his music.

From The Spectator.

MR. RUSKIN ON AMBITION.

It is a real luxury to read a lecture like that contained in Mr. Ruskin’s letter to the Art students at Mansfield, and yet we doubt if it will increase the number of Art students. In words which in their singular melody remind us of his earlier writings, he tells his audience, with “their empty little eggshells of heads,” the value

* Mühlbrecht, p. 40.

of art and of art training, even for their own work : —

An Indian worker in gold, or a Scandinavian worker in iron, or an old French worker in thread, could produce, indeed, beautiful design out of nothing but groups of knots and spirals ; but you, when you are rightly educated, may render your knots and spirals infinitely more interesting, by making them suggestive of natural forms, and rich in elements of true knowledge. You know, for instance, the pattern which for centuries has been the basis of ornament in Indian shawls — the bulging leaf ending in a spiral. The Indian produces beautiful designs with nothing but that spiral. You cannot better his powers of design, but you may make them more civil and useful by adding knowledge of nature to invention. Suppose you learn to draw rightly, and, therefore, to know correctly the spirals of springing ferns — not that you may give ugly names to all the species of them — but that you may understand the grace and vitality of every hour of their existence. Suppose you have sense and cleverness enough to translate the essential character of this beauty into forms expressible by simple lines — therefore, expressible by thread — you might then have a series of fern-patterns which would each contain points of distinctive interest and beauty, and of scientific truth, and yet be variable by fancy, with quite as much ease as the meaningless Indian one.

And yet, while applying to their minds that strong intellectual stimulus, he bids them beware of the ambition he does his best to provoke, tells them that not one in a million of them will ever be great in anything ; that art will but make them wiser and happier, but will not enable them to get on, will not in fact "pay," except in its return of mental pleasure. Study the work of great men, but remember that there is in art, as in all work of the intellect, no democracy, but only an aristocracy, to the highest steps of which few can attain. Students like those at Mansfield can but study, and test themselves constantly to discover whether they have by that attained the capacity — the root-capacity of art — of seeing more beauties in the objects they study than they saw before. Greatness may come, but to very, very few. The remainder must be content with the honesty of their handiwork taught them by their study. We do not know a stronger proof of the degree to which ambition has permeated society, than the feeling of injudiciousness which this lecture will inspire in half those who read it. It may be all very true, they will say, but why depress students who need encouragement, and find it only in hope ? Who will do good

work, if he is never to rise, and he can live by far inferior performance ? The very Indian whom Mr. Ruskin quotes is his own answer, for he, being ever content, and in some trades — not this particular one of lace-work, which, as Mr. Ruskin may know, involves poverty and misery greater than is endured by any other Indian artisan — even joyous, for we never saw among hundreds an unhappy gold or marble-worker, never sets to himself an ideal, never tries to be Michael Angelo, but lives on proud in his art, content with its profits, and buried for ever in admiration of his single successful design. He never advances. Even when the race has the instinct of art ; when, as the late Lord Carnarvon relates in his book on *Arcadia*, the matron ornaments her neckerchief according to the shadows the light throws on it from some open-leaved tree, there is no advance. Greece and Italy are the happier because their people know almost by intuition what Mr. Ruskin desires to teach, but neither Greece nor Italy for centuries has added to our treasure of first-class work. How can greatness emerge from among the unconscious, or what is to be the substitute for a lofty ambition ? Even in a school the best whip is emulation, and wherever emulation exists, that calm, unconscious self-culture which leads, Mr. Ruskin says, to happiness, cannot be, — nay, perhaps, with the modern conditions of life, with the lowering miseries involved in want of money, ought not to exist.

The answer seems so simple in our day, that it comes up to every reader's tongue ; and yet it is hard, Liberals as we are, — that is, disciples of a school that is ever seeking what, after all, may not be found — it is hard to doubt that Mr. Ruskin's teaching embodies truth. Ambition in this form — that is, the hope of being reverently regarded from outside — never is happiness, very rarely tends to it, in fact does not tend to it at all, except when it produces that most strange of all delights, the thirst for work ; and does not, as we conceive, bring with it much of power. There is too much of the febrile about ambition for a good working agency, or rather, we should say, it is too like alcohol as an impetus to work. It whips the brain only to its exhaustion. In literature, in art, in science, in study, it is the man who works for his own delight, to cultivate his own capacities, to test himself as to his own gain in the power of appreciation, — who is pouring out his own soul, his own thought of

beauty, his own passion of inquiry as to the secrets of Nature, who, in the long run, does the greatest work, and may even, in favourable circumstances, become the best recognized of workmen. The restlessness, the hurry, the uneasy vanity which attend ambition, cannot but diminish power, even though the power sought be only that of knowledge. Something of indolence, of dreaminess, of the use of faculty for inward contentment, and not gain, would seem to belong to some at least of the greatest,—say Shakespeare and Goethe, though all records speak of Michael Angelo as the unhappiest of mankind, one ever longing to be relieved from the burden of insupportable life. But then it was not ungratified ambition that made him miserable. "It takes a fool to make a fortune," say the men in the City; and though that is not true, it is not the hollow-eyed, anxious, ever busy man who turns out the millionaire, but the man in whom there is a certain, often a fat and heavy-looking calm, who knows his business better day by day, and does it, regarding its profit only as a thermometer of success or failure. For the average of men the doom must always be work, and though a man is distinctly the happier for knowledge of any art, or for any knowledge and almost any employment outside his daily labour, we doubt if the entrance of ambition into that pursuit does not take away half its charm, in destroying all its restfulness. Once beyond care, no man is so happy as he who has joy in his own pursuit, and is careless to please the world, or even to attain, except to himself, any definite ideal. The millionaire who collects in silence enjoys more than the millionaire who is only happy when he has won an auction battle, and we never saw the gardener yet whom a county show did not make miserable for months. The fool wanted his flowers to shine, not to be a delight to him. We quite admit his neighbours' weal may suffer for the wise man's want of ambition. We have heard it stated on eminent Italian authority that Italy loses half her possible income because every man who has saved £200 a year turns from his business to his hobby, and happy without a thought of ambition improves himself in that; but if it be so it is the wealth of the community, not the happiness of the individual which is sacrificed. It is vain preaching such doctrines now, as vain as to try to convert a nation to Moravianism or to keep up the Quaker sect. The Western world has

adopted her new virtue, and the Eastern, with sickened and angry heart, is trying, under the coercion of Princes, to see what it is worth. All Mr. Ruskin's "empty eggshells" will believe that their yolks are of some special quality, and that by incessant shaking and unrest some phoenix may be produced, and the world will hurrah them on as they shake their hardest. We do not reprehend, for the reprehension of an age, even in Mr. Ruskin's mellifluous epigrams, is but waste of force. Modern teachers have not taught much, but they have been more successful than Solomon was in his crusade against sloth; and as that monster is dead, we must put up with the fumes from his remains. Sloth, poor dear old vice! who ever hears of sloth now? who does not believe industry the first of common virtues? and who in his secret heart does not agree, with the Massachusetts Senator, "I live in the hope of a better world, a world with a little less friction;" or with Hawthorne's whispering to Mr. Dicey, that when he died he hoped he might have a good long sleep, say of two thousand years, before he was called upon again to work? However, it is not Sloth whose requiem Mr. Ruskin is singing, but only that of Ambition, and we have but noticed his music as a song of the past-away, of a condition gone for ever, which the wisest may yet regret.

From The Saturday Review.
SEINE-FISHING.

FEW braver or harder men are to be found in England than the Cornish fishermen. Their business, at all times hazardous, is doubly so on a coast so dangerous as theirs, where the charm of the scenery is bought at the expense of security. Isolated rocks set up like teeth round the jagged cliffs and standing far out from shore, cropping up at intervals anywhere between Penzance and Scilly; sunken rocks which are more perilous because more treacherous; strong currents which on the calmest day keep the sea where they flow in perpetual turmoil; a singularly tumultuous and changeable sea, where the ground-swell of the Atlantic sweeps on in long waves which break into a surf that would swamp any boat put out, even when there is not a breath of surface-wind stirring; for the most part a very narrow channel to their coves,

a mere footpath as one may call it, beset by rocks that would break their boats to splinters if they were thrown against them—all these circumstances make the trade of the Cornish fishermen exceptionally dangerous, but they also make the men themselves exceptionally resolute and daring. They are the true fighters with nature for food, and, like the miners, feel when they set out to their work that they may never come back from it alive. No man can predict what the sea will be an hour or two hence. Its character changes with every fluctuation of the tide; and a calm and halcyon lake may have become fierce and angry and tempest-tossed when the ebb turns and the flow sets in. There are times too when a boat caught by the wind and drifted into a current would be as helpless as a cork in a mill-race; and when a whole fleet of fishing-boats might be blown out to sea, with perhaps half their number capsized. But, as a rule, having learnt caution with their hardihood from the very magnitude of the dangers that surround them, these Cornish men suffer as little by shipwreck as the fishermen of safer bays; and though every cove has its own sad story, and every rock its victim, the worst cases of wreck have been those of larger vessels which have mistaken lights, or steered too close in shore, or been lost in the fogs that are so frequent about the Land's End. Or they may have been caught by the wind and the tide, and driven dead on a lee shore, as so often happens in the bay between Hartland and Padstow Points.

But the more cautious the men are the less money they make; and though life is certainly more than meat, life without meat at all, or with only an insufficient quantity, is rather a miserable affair. The material well-being of the poor fellows who live in these picturesque little coves which are the delight and the despair of artists is not in a very satisfactory condition. By the law of aggregation, unification, whatever we like to call it—the law of the present day by which individuals are absorbed into bodies that work for wages for one master, instead of each man working for himself for his own hand—the independent fishermen are daily becoming fewer. Save at Whitesand Bay, where there is a “poor man's seine” and “a rich man's seine,” almost all the seine nets belong now to companies or partnerships of rich men; and in very few have the men themselves any share. Fishermen's seines are not well

regarded by the wealthy leaseholders of the cove and foreshore; and the leaseholder has very large legal rights and powers, which it would be idle to blame him for exercising. The cots are his, and the capstan is his, and the right of landing is his; so he can put on the screw when he wants to have things his own way, and can threaten evictions, and the withdrawal of the right to the capstan and to the landing-place, if the men will not go on his seine, but choose either a united one of their own or independent drift or trawl nets. Some, it is said, even object to the men fishing at all, at any rate during the seine season; some have raised the annual rent per boat for cove rights to three or four times its old rate; and some go through a round of surly suspicion and irritating supervision during the “bulking” days, and higgie jealously over the small share allowed to the hands in the catch. So that, on the whole, the Cornish fisherman of the smaller coves has not much to boast of beside his courage and good heart, and a sturdy independence and honesty specially noticeable.

We know of no more animated scene than seine-fishing. From the first act to the last there is a quaint old-world flavour about the proceeding inexpressibly charming to people used to the prosaic life of modern cities. The “huers” who stand on the hills watching for the first appearance of the “school,” and who make known what they see either by signals or calling through a huge metal trumpet, the sound of which no one who has once heard it can ever forget; the smartness of the men dressing the seine-boats which carry the huge net with all its appurtenances; their quiet but eager watching for the school to come within practicable distance—that is, into sufficiently shoal water, and where the bottom is fairly level (else the fish all escape from under the net); the casting or shooting of the seine enclosing the school, and then the “tucking” or lifting the fish from the sea to the boats—every stage is full of interest; but this last is the prettiest of all. Imagine a moonlight night; low water at midnight; when the tucking begins. The boat cannot come up to the ordinary landing, which is only a roughly paved causeway dipping by a gradual descent into the sea; so those who would share in the sport are fain to take the fisherman's path along the cliff and drop into the boat off the rocks. These rocks are never very safe. Even

the men themselves, trained to them as they are from boyhood, sometimes slip on their slanting, broken, seaweed-covered surfaces, when, if they cannot swim and are not helped, all is over for them in this life; and for strangers they are difficult at the best of times. But on an obscurely lighted night, and after heavy rain, they are doubly risky. The incoming wave lifts the boat a few inches higher and nearer; and you must catch the exact moment and make a spring before she drifts off again with the ebb. The row across the little bay is beautiful. The grey cliffs look solemn and majestic in the pale light of the moon; the shadows are deep and unfathomable; everywhere you see black rocks standing out from the steely sea, and little lines of breakers mark the place of the sunken rocks. In the distance shine the magnificent Lizard Lights, and the red and white revolving light of terrible Wolf Rock flashes on the horizon; the moon touches the sea with silver, and the waves as they rise and fall seem like molten metal in the heavy sluggish rhythm of their flow. Only round the foot of the cliffs and about the rocks they break into spray that serves as "high lights" against the sombre grey and black of the landscape. You pull across to the opposite point, and then round into another smaller bay where the cliffs rise sheer, and the seine net is cast. You come into a little fleet of fishing-boats set round on the outside of a circle of corks, within which is the master-boat, where all hands are assembled pulling at the net, to draw it closer. It is a stirring sight. Some dozen or more stalwart fellows are hauling on the lines with the sailors' cheery cry and the sailors' exuberant good-will. Every now and then the master's voice cries out "Break! break my sons!" when they shorten hold and go over to the other side of the boat, pulling themselves gradually aslant again, till the same order of "Break! break!" shows that their purchase is too slack. At last the net is hauled up close enough, and then the fun begins.

All the boats engaged form a close circle round the inner line of corks, which is now a little sea of silver where the imprisoned pilchards beat and flutter, producing a sound for which we have no satisfactory onomatopoeic word. In moonlight this little sea is silver; in torchlight it is of fire with varied colours flashing through the redder gleams; and in the dark it is a sea of phosphorescent light, each mesh of the net, each fish, each seaweed

illuminated as if traced in flame. Every one is now busy. The men dip in baskets, or maunds, expressly made for this purpose, and ladle out the quivering fish by hundreds into the boats. In a few moments they are standing leg-deep in pilchards. Every one on the spot is pressed into the service, and even a boat manned by nothing more stalwart than one or two half-sick and half-frightened women receive their orders; and "Hold on ladies! all hands hold on to the boat," serves to keep one of the busiest of the tucking-boats in equilibrium. The men, for all their hearty work, are like a party of schoolboys at play. Their humour may be rough, but it is never meant to be rude; their goodwill is sincere, for they have a share, however small, in the success of the catch; and the more they tuck, the more they will have for their wives and families to live on through the winter. It is their harvest-time, and they are as jocund as harvesters proverbially are. There is no stint of volunteer labour either. Men who have been working hard all day on their own account go out at midnight to lend a hand to their mates at the seine. Even though the take is for a hard-fisted master who would count fins if he could, and who would refuse his men a head apiece if he thought his orders would be carried out, they are all honestly glad. They remember the time when a rich school was the wealth of the whole cove, and when a string of fresh pilchards would be given freely to any one coming to the cove at the time of bulking, or, as we should call it, storing. Still, whatever of economic value there may be in this exploitation of labour, it has its mournful side in the loss of individual value which it includes. And no one can help feeling this who listens to the talk of the elder fishermen sorrowfully comparing the old days of personal independence and generous lordship with the present ones of wages and a wide-awake lesseeship, conscious of its legal rights and determined to act on them.

When all the fish have been tucked, there is nothing for it but to row home again in the freshening morning air. The tide is rising now, and the moon is waning; the rocks look blacker, the grey moss-grown cliffs more solemn, more mysterious; the white surf breaking about them is higher and sharper than when you set out; and the boom of the sea thundering through cave and channel has a sound in it that makes you feel as if land and your own bed would be pref-

erable to an open boat at the mercy of the Atlantic surges. The tide has so far risen that you can land nearer to the paved causeway than before; but even now you have to wait for the flow of the wave, then make a spring on to the black and slimy rocks, which would be creditable to even trained gymnastic powers. So you go home, under the first streaks of dawn, wet through and scaly, and smelling abominably of fish, dashed with streak of tar for a compound. The whole place, however, will smell of fish to-morrow, and for many to-morrows. When the tucking-boats are brought in, then the women take their turn, and pack the pilchards in the fish-cellars or salting-houses. Here they are said to be in "bulk," all laid on their sides with their noses pointing outwards; layers of salt alternating with layers of fish. Their great market is Italy, where they serve as favourite Lenten fare. The Italians believe them to be smoked, and hence call them *fumados*. This word the dear thick-headed British sailor has caught up, according to his wont, and translated into "fair maids"; and "fair maids"—pronounced firmads—is the popular name of salted pilchards all through Cornwall.

The pilchard fishery begins as early as June or July, but then further out to sea, sometimes twenty miles out. According to the old saying,

When the corn is in the shock
The fish are at the rock;

harvest-time, which means from August to the end of October, being the main season for pilchard-fishing in shoal water close at home. There are some choice bits of picturesque life still left to us in far-away places where the ordinary tourist has not penetrated; but nothing is more picturesque than seine-fishing in one of the wilder Cornish coves, when the tucking goes on at midnight, either by moonlight or torchlight, or only by the phosphorescent illumination of the sea itself. No artist that we can remember at this moment has yet painted it, but it is a subject which would well repay careful and loving handling.

inconvertible paper currency, and as both ought to aim as soon as possible to resume payments in specie, it is important to consider what are the prerequisites of such a change, and what a country ought to do which wishes to make it.

The conditions of success in the attempt are three—First. The difference of value between paper and gold ought to be so far reduced that no enormous amount of paper will require to be exchanged for gold when specie payments are resumed. If gold is at a high premium—say 25 or 35 per cent.—as compared with paper, it is plain that, as soon as the law says that gold must be given for the paper on demand, a very large number of persons will wish to obtain so considerable an advantage, and to exchange the less valuable article for the more valuable. And it would be difficult to accumulate sufficient specie to meet so formidable a demand. But if the premium on gold is reduced to a small amount, the amount of paper coming in for exchange will be small too; and the payment in gold of that small quantity of paper will be enough to accomplish the desired effect, and to equalize the value of the two.

Secondly,—and this does not need remark,—the Bank or Government which is about to pay in specie must have immediately ready in store as much of that specie as will be at once needed to pay the comparatively small amount of paper which will so come in.

Thirdly,—what does very much need remark, for it is by no means distinctly seen,—the Bank or Government must have in stock such a quantity of gold and silver as will be necessary to secure the permanent convertibility of paper into gold. It must provide not only for the momentary demand which is sure at first to happen, in order to efface the slight premium on gold, but also for further demands which in the course of time may be expected to happen. The reason of this is plain. The undertaking to pay a large quantity of bank notes in specie is the creation of a very serious liability; at any moment a large amount of that paper may be demanded for payment. And it is as likely to be demanded immediately, or soon after the resumption of specie payment, as at any other time. Indeed, the period just after resumption is likely to be especially critical, because that resumption is in itself a great change in trade, and in that, as in all other such changes, no one can say what other

From The Economist.

PREREQUISITES TO THE RESUMPTION OF CASH PAYMENT.

AMERICA AND FRANCE.

As two of the great monetary countries of the world are suffering much from an

movements or what new demands they may occasion. The resuming Bank or Government must be prepared, at the time of resumption, with a sufficient store of specie to secure its credit and to pay any demand which in reasonable probability will be made upon it. And in such a vital matter it should err rather on the side of excess than on that of deficit; for if it keep too much it only loses some interest, whereas if it keep too little it must stop payment and its credit will be broken.

When the Bank of England resumed specie payments under the Act of 1819 the first of these conditions was completely satisfied. The following table will show that the premium on gold as compared with paper had become (from causes which we cannot now discuss) very small:—

AN ACCOUNT of the Average Market Price of Bullion in each Year, from 1800 to 1821 (taken from Official Documents); and of the Average Depreciation per Cent. of the Paper Currency.

Year.	Average Price of Gold per oz.			Average Depreciation per Cent.		
	£	s	d	£	s	d
1811.	4	4	6	7	16	10
1812.	4	15	6	20	14	9
1813.	4	1	0	22	18	0
1814.	5	4	0	25	2	6
1815.	4	13	6	16	14	3
1816.	4	13	6	16	14	3
1817.	4	0	0	2	13	2
1818.	4	0	0	2	13	2
1819.	4	1	6	4	9	0
1820.	3	19	11	2	12	0

—and the depreciation was still less on the 1st May, 1821, when specie payments were resumed. And as they had in stock 11,869,000*l.* not only were they amply prepared for the demand for gold incident to the act of resumption, but they were prepared also, according to the notions of that time, for the permanent discharge of the new liability. Their entire liabilities were:—

Circulation	£ 23,884,000
Deposits	5,622,000
Total liabilities	29,506,000

—so that their reserve amounted to two-fifths of their liabilities. Even this reserve was in fact insufficient, for in 1825 the till of the bank was found empty. In that year the convertibility of the note was preserved not by the magnitude of the store of coin and bullion but by the

happy belief of the public that no such store was needed. But the calamities of 1825 were mainly owing to mismanagement after specie payments were resumed; if the reserve with which the Bank began specie payments in 1821 had been maintained in 1825, the panic of that year would never have occurred. The mistake was not in commencing specie payments with inadequate reserve, but in afterwards neglecting the reserve and letting it dwindle. The resumption of cash payments by the Bank was an operation in itself fairly successful.

In the case of America the first condition is scarcely, we think, sufficiently satisfied. The premium on gold, though far less permanently than it ever was, is still so high that an immediate offer on the part of Government to pay gold for paper might be dangerous. The price of gold now varies between 108 and 110; and if, with a premium of 8 to 10 in favour of specie, specie payments were resumed, a large amount of gold might be required. Anything like a run is at such a moment particularly dangerous. It may begin in a desire to get a premium, but when once begun it may easily beget a distrust of paper altogether; far less events have caused in their time an "ugly rush." New York is a market where even minor risks are serious; everything is "worked" to the utmost. Unscrupulous and combined operators are ready to seize all advantages; and if the aggravation of general discredit would advantage them, they would without hesitation aggravate it. The premium on gold must, in our judgment, be still farther reduced before specie payments can be safely recommended.

In America it is thought that this panic by the "shrinkage of values," that is, the reduction of prices which it has caused, has greatly increased the facility for a return to specie payments. But the diminution in the paper prices of articles other than gold is no aid in effecting this object; it is by the amount of the premium on gold in comparison with paper that its safety is to be measured. And by destroying money "corners" and much vicious speculation in gold that panic has no doubt been a sensible help; the premium on gold, which had been unduly raised 2 or 3 per cent., has now been reduced to its natural amount. But so long as that premium still remains so high as it now is the risk of a return to specie payments will be considerable.

We know by experience how that pre-

mium may be effaced. If no more greenbacks are issued the augmenting trade of the country will of itself raise the value of the paper. But this is a severe and painful process. Conducting a larger trade with an identical currency is the same as conducting an equal trade with a diminished currency. In both cases there is dear money, that is, a high rate of interest and a lowered scale of prices; people have to pay more for what they borrow and receive less for what they sell, and the consequent suffering to trade is always considerable. It can be borne by America, we know, for she has already borne it; she has already reduced the premium on gold by a much larger amount than that which remains to be reduced. But the effort has been great, and this panic is, in great part, the consequence of it.

Nor are our second or third conditions satisfied. The store of gold now held by the American Government is altogether inadequate to the resumption of cash payments. The amount of coin in the Treasury is 16,965,000 $\frac{1}{2}$, and the actual legal amount of greenbacks is 65,265,000 $\frac{1}{2}$, and this amount has just been exceeded by the re-issue, with contested legality, of greenbacks withdrawn from circulation. The specie is therefore just a fourth part of the liability on the currency, an amount plainly inadequate to the burden of so large a liability.

Happily, however, the American Government has no difficulty in obtaining any amount of gold which it may require. It receives its customs duties in gold, and these amount to more than the interest which it has to pay in gold. It has for years sold gold regularly, and has invested the proceeds in the purchase of its own bonds. It has only to stop selling, and it will receive of necessity as much gold as it may desire. In this way it may accumulate gradually a sufficient reserve in gold to meet the first demand consequent on resumption, while there is any kind of premium on gold as compared with the paper, and to meet also the permanent liability involved in the promise to pay on demand many millions. The American Government has no difficulty in accumulating the gold; its only difficulty is the necessary diminution of the premium on gold.

The difficulty of the Bank of France is the precise opposite. It is not troubled with the premium on gold or on silver, since, for ordinary purposes, there has never been any, — 7 or 8 per mille is the

whole amount of the premium on gold even now, though the circulation of notes has augmented so rapidly. There would be no difficulty in getting rid of such a premium as this; nor would it cause any risk in proceeding to specie payments. The small premium has driven the exchange business from Paris. Even that minute amount, and the incessant though still minuter fluctuations of it, have been sufficient to disturb such fine calculations. But the premium has had no other effect, and, except in the improbable event of its becoming much larger, it never will have.

But, on the other hand, the Bank of France has no such facility as the American Government in obtaining gold. It is not a Government; it receives no taxes; it has no power of saying that such and such duties shall be paid to it in specie. It cannot fill its till by compulsion. And that till is now far from full. The figures are —

LIABILITIES OF BANK OF FRANCE.

	£
Notes	119,921,000
Government deposits	6,174,000
Private deposits	9,056,000
Total	135,151,000

Against a reserve of 28,946,000 $\frac{1}{2}$, which is little more than one fifth of the liabilities. To have in reserve the same proportion of its liabilities which the bank of England had in 1821, it must accumulate 54,000,000 $\frac{1}{2}$, or 26,000,000 $\frac{1}{2}$, more.

In the present state of France this would be most difficult. The effect of the indemnity is still felt. As M. Buffet well said, France has not paid her debt, she has only changed her creditor. The interest on the rentes, which are finally placed, is very heavy, and is weighing fearfully on the national finance; and besides this there are said to be many bills representing portions of the new debt which are still in *transitu*, and have not finally sunk down to the consumer. Trade is bad, and must be bad, for France is a great consumer of its own productions, and France has economized since her defeat, perhaps more than any country before ever did. And in this way she will pay the interest to the national creditor. But in this way also she disturbs and renders unprofitable her ordinary trade. Goods which were produced in order to meet the demand which existed before the war cannot now be sold so soon as they could then have been sold, perhaps they cannot be sold at all. The

applications for discount to the Bank of France are becoming larger and larger, and though it discounts in its own inconvertible paper, it charges 6 per cent., so as, if possible, to drive away bills and to lessen the amount of its advances. France cannot therefore easily accumulate a large amount of new gold. In order to do so she must raise her rate of interest above that of other countries, so as to attract gold to Paris and to keep it there. But in her necessary present condition, and without any ambitious effort, the rate of interest is 6 per cent., and may be higher. A most heavy burden is already imposed on an impoverished country, and she could not bear a heavier.

Such are the curiously-contrasted difficulties which beset France and America in an attempt to return to cash payments, and the effect on the English money market of the two resummptions would be unlike also. The resumption of specie payments in France would perhaps be an aid to the English money market. There would then be, as there used to be, a second great and accessible store of the precious metals in Europe; the Bank of England would not be the only one. But the American resumption would augment our difficulties. America would compete with us for the store of specie in the world; the present panic would have caused infinitely greater demands on us if the currency had been metallic, all other things being as they now are. The gold would not then have been an article of merchandise, but a means of payment. When the American standard again consists of gold, we shall be always liable to have our supply of gold interrupted by her wants, and even to have gold taken from London to supply them. We may expect France to help us in keeping the gold store of the world; it is suitable to her character as a quiet accumulating nation; but we cannot expect America to do so. She is the country which surpasses all others in the means of employing money and in the hardihood, not to say the recklessness, with which she uses them.

From The Spectator.

MR. JOHN STUART MILL'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

THAT this curious volume delineates, on the whole, a man marked by the most

* *Autobiography by John Stuart Mill.* London: Longmans.

earnest devotion to human good, and the widest intellectual sympathies, no one who reads it with any discernment can doubt. But it is both a very melancholy book to read, and one full of moral paradoxes. It is very sad, in the first instance, to read the story of the over-tutored boy, constantly incurring his father's displeasure for not being able to do what by no possibility could he have done, and apparently without any one to love. Mr. James Mill, vivacious talker, and in a narrow way powerful thinker as he was, was evidently as an educator, on his son's own showing, a hard master, anxious to reap what he had not sown, and to gather what he had not strewed, or as his son himself puts it, expecting "effects without causes." Not that the father did not teach the child with all his might, and teach in many respects well; but then he taught the boy far too much, and expected him to learn besides a great deal that he neither taught him nor showed him where to find. The child began Greek at three years old, read a good deal of Plato at seven, and was writing what he flattered himself was "something serious," a history of the Roman Government,—not a popular history, but a constitutional history of Rome,—by the time he was nine years old. He began logic at twelve, went through a "complete course of political economy" at thirteen, including the most intricate points of the theory of currency. He was a constant writer for the *Westminster Review* at eighteen, was editing Bentham's *Theory of Evidence* and writing habitual criticisms of the Parliamentary debates at nineteen. At twenty he fell into a profound melancholy, on discovering that the only objects of life for which he lived,—the objects of social and political reformers,—would, if suddenly and completely granted, give him no happiness whatever. Such a childhood and youth, lived apparently without a single strong affection,—for his relation to his father was one of deep respect and fear, rather than love, and he tells us frankly, in describing the melancholy to which we have alluded, that if he had loved any one well enough to confide in him, the melancholy would not have been,—and resulting at the age of eighteen in the production of what Mr. Mill himself says might, with as little extravagance as would ever be involved in the application of such a phrase to a human being, be called "a mere reasoning machine,"—are not pleasant subjects of contempla-

tion, even though it be true, as Mr. Mill asserts, that the over-supply of study and under-supply of love, did not prevent his childhood from being a happy one. Nor are the other personal incidents of the autobiography of a different cast. Nothing is more remarkable than the fewness, limited character, and apparently, so far as close intercourse was concerned, temporary duration, of most of Mr. Mill's friendships. The one close and intimate friendship of his life, which made up to him for the insufficiency of all others, that with the married lady who, after the death of her husband, became his wife, was one which for a long time subjected him to slanders, the pain of which his sensitive nature evidently felt very keenly. And yet he must have been aware that though in his own conduct he had kept free from all stain, his example was an exceedingly dangerous and mischievous one for others, who might be tempted by his moral authority to follow in a track in which they would not have had the strength to tread. Add to this that his married life was very brief, only seven years and a half, being unexpectedly cut short, and that his passionate reverence for his wife's memory and genius—in his own words, "a religion"—was one which, as he must have been perfectly sensible, he could not possibly make to appear otherwise than extravagant, not to say an hallucination, in the eyes of the rest of mankind, and yet that he was possessed by an irresistible yearning to attempt to embody it in all the tender and enthusiastic hyperbole of which it is so pathetic to find a man who gained his fame by his "dry-light" a master, and it is impossible not to feel that the human incidents in Mr. Mill's career are very sad. True, his short service in Parliament, when he was already advanced in years, was one to bring him much intellectual consideration and a certain amount of popularity. But even that terminated in a defeat, and was hardly successful enough to repay him for the loss of literary productiveness which those three years of practical drudgery imposed. In spite of the evident satisfaction and pride with which Mr. Mill saw that his school of philosophy had gained rapid ground since the publication of his *Logic*, and that his large and liberal view of the science of political economy had made still more rapid way amongst all classes, the record of his life which he leaves behind him is not even in its own tone, and still less in the effect produced on the reader, a bright and

happy one. It is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,"—and of thought that has to do duty for much, both of feeling and action, which usually goes to constitute the full life of a large mind.

And besides the sense of sadness which the human incident of the autobiography produces, the intellectual and moral story itself is full of paradox which weighs upon the heart as well as the mind. Mr. Mill was brought up by his father to believe that Christianity was false, and that even as regards natural religion there was no ground for faith. How far he retained the latter opinion,—he evidently did retain the former,—it is understood that some future work will tell us. But in the meantime, he is most anxious to point out that religion, in what he thinks the best sense, is possible even to one who does not believe in God. That best sense is the sense in which religion stands for an ideal conception of a Perfect Being to which those who have such a conception "habitually refer as the guide of their conscience," an ideal, he says, "far nearer to perfection than the objective Deity of those who think themselves obliged to find absolute goodness in the author of a world so crowded with suffering and so deformed by injustice as ours." Unfortunately, however, this "ideal conception of a perfect Being" is not a *power* on which human nature can lean. It is merely its own best thought of itself; so that it dwindles when the mind and heart contract, and vanishes just when there is most need of help. This Mr. Mill himself felt at one period of his life. At the age of 20 he underwent a crisis which apparently corresponded in his own opinion to the state of mind that leads to "a Wesleyan's conversion." We wish we could extract in full his eloquent and impressive description of this rather thin moral crisis. Here is his description of the first stage:—

From the winter of 1821, when first I read Bentham, and especially from the commencement of the *Westminster Review*, I had what might truly be called an object in life; to be a reformer of the world. My conception of my own happiness was entirely identified with this object. The personal sympathies I wished for were those of fellow-laborers in this enterprise. I endeavoured to pick up as many flowers as I could by the way; but as a serious and permanent personal satisfaction to rest upon, my whole reliance was placed on this; and I was accustomed to felicitate myself on the certainty of a happy life which I enjoyed, through placing my happiness in something

endurable and distant, in which some progress might be always making, while it could never be exhausted by complete attainment. This did very well for several years, during which the general improvement going on in the world and the idea of myself as engaged with others in struggling to promote it, seemed enough to fill up an interesting and animated existence. But the time came when I awakened from this as from a dream. It was in the autumn of 1826. I was in a dull state of nerves, such as everybody is occasionally liable to; unsusceptible to enjoyment or pleasurable excitement; one of those moods when what is pleasure at other times, becomes insipid or indifferent; the state, I should think, in which converts to Methodism usually are, when smitten by their first "conviction of sin." In this frame of mind it occurred to me to put the question directly to myself: "Suppose that all your objects in life were realized; that all the changes in institutions and opinions which you are looking forward to could be completely effected at this very instant: would this be a great joy and happiness to you?" And an irrepressible self-consciousness distinctly answered, "No!" At this my heart sank within me; the whole foundation on which my life was constructed fell down. All my happiness was to have been found in the continual pursuit of this end. The end had ceased to charm, and how could there ever again be any interest in the means? I seemed to have nothing left to live for. At first I hoped that the cloud would pass away of itself; but it did not. A night's sleep, the sovereign remedy for the smaller vexations of life, had no effect on it. I awoke to a renewed consciousness of the woful fact. I carried it with me into all companies, into all occupations. Hardly anything had power to cause me even a few minutes' oblivion of it. For some months the cloud seemed to grow thicker and thicker. The lines in Coleridge's "Dejection"—I was not then acquainted with them—exactly describe my case:—

"A grief without a pang, void, dark and drear,
A drowsy, stifled, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet or relief
In word, or sigh, or tear."

In vain I sought relief from my favourite books; those memorials of past nobleness and greatness from which I had always hitherto drawn strength and animation. I read them now without feeling, or with the accustomed feeling *minus* all its charm; and I became persuaded, that my love of mankind, and of excellence for its own sake, had worn itself out. I sought no comfort by speaking to others of what I felt. If I had loved any one sufficiently to make confiding my griefs a necessity, I should not have been in the condition I was.

It is clear that Mr. Mill felt the deep craving for a more permanent and durable source of spiritual life than any which the most beneficent activity spent in patching up human institutions and labo-

riously recasting the structure of human society, could secure him,—that he himself had a suspicion that, to use the language of a book he had been taught to make light of, his soul was thirsting for God, and groping after an eternal presence, in which he lived and moved and had his being. What is strange and almost burlesque, if it were not so melancholy, is the mode in which this moral crisis culminates. A few tears shed over Marmontel's *Mémoires*, and the fit passed away:—

Two lines of Coleridge, in whom alone of all writers I have found a true description of what I felt, were often in my thoughts, not at this time (for I had never read them), but in a later period of the same mental malady:—

"Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live."

In all probability my case was by no means so peculiar as I fancied it, and I doubt not that many others have passed through a similar state; but the idiosyncrasies of my education had given to the general phenomenon a special character, which made it seem the natural effect of causes that it was hardly possible for time to remove. I frequently asked myself, if I could, or if I was bound to go on living, when life must be passed in this manner. I generally answered to myself, that I did not think I could possibly bear it beyond a year. When, however, not more than half that duration of time had elapsed, a small ray of light broke in upon my gloom. I was reading, accidentally, Marmontel's "Mémoires," and came to the passage which relates his father's death, the distressed position of the family, and the sudden inspiration by which he, then a mere boy, felt and made them feel that he would be everything to them—would supply the place of all that they had lost. A vivid conception of the scene and its feelings came over me, and I was moved to tears. From this moment my burden grew lighter. The oppression of the thought that all feeling was dead within me, was gone. I was no longer hopeless; I was not a stock or a stone. I had still, it seemed, some of the material out of which all worth of character, and all capacity for happiness, are made. Relieved from my ever present sense of irremediable wretchedness, I gradually found that the ordinary incidents of life could again give me some pleasure; that I could again find enjoyment, not intense, but sufficient for cheerfulness, in sunshine and sky, in books, in conversation, in public affairs; and that there was once more excitement, though of a moderate kind, in exerting myself for my opinions, and for the public good. Thus the cloud gradually drew off, and I again enjoyed life: and though I had several relapses, some of which lasted many months, I never again was as miserable as I had been.

And the only permanent instruction which this experience left behind it seems to have been curiously slight. It produced a threefold moral result,—first, a grave alarm at the dangerously undermining capacities of his own power of moral analysis, which promised to unravel all those artificial moral webs of painful and pleasurable associations with injurious and useful actions, respectively, which his father had so laboriously woven for him during his childhood and youth; and further, two notable practical conclusions,—one, that in order to attain happiness (which he “never wavered” in regarding as “the test of all rules of conduct and the end of life”), the best strategy is a kind of flank march,—to aim at something else, at some ideal end, not consciously as a means to happiness, but as an end in itself,—so, he held, may you have a better chance of securing happiness, by the way, than you can by any direct pursuit of it,—and the other, that it is most desirable to cultivate the feelings, the passive susceptibilities, as well as the reasoning and active powers, if the utilitarian life is to be made enjoyable. Surely a profound sense of the inadequacy of ordinary human success to the cravings of the human spirit was never followed by a less radical moral change. That it resulted in a new breadth of sympathy with writers like Coleridge and Wordsworth, whose fundamental modes of thought and faith Mr. Mill entirely rejected, but for whose modes of sentiment, after this period of his life, he somehow managed, not very intelligibly, to make room, is very true; and it is also very true that this gave a new largeness of tone to his writings, and gave him a real superiority in all matters of taste to the utilitarian clique to which he had belonged,—results which enormously widened the scope of his influence, and changed him from the mere expositor of a single school of psychology into the thoughtful critic of many different schools. But as far as we can judge, all this new breadth was gained at the cost of a certain haze which, from this time forth, spread itself over his grasp of the first principles which he still professed to hold. He did not cease to be a utilitarian, but he ceased to distinguish between the duty of promoting your own happiness and promoting anybody else's, and never could make it clear where he found his moral obligation to sacrifice the former for the latter.

He still maintained that actions, and not sentiments, are the true subjects of ethical discrimination; but he discovered that there was a significance which he had never before suspected even in sentiments and emotions of which he continued to maintain that the origin was artificial and arbitrary. He did not cease to declaim against the prejudices engendered by the intuitional theory of philosophy, but he made it one of his peculiar distinctions as an Experience-philosopher that he recommended the fostering of new prepossessions, only distinguished from the prejudices he strove to dissipate by being, in his opinion, harmless, though quite as little based as those in ultimate or objective truth. He maintained as strongly as ever that the character of man is formed by circumstances, but he discovered that the will can act upon circumstances, and so modify its own future capability of willing; and though it is in his opinion circumstances which enable or induce the will thus to act upon circumstances, he thought and taught that this makes all the difference between fatalism and the doctrine of cause and effect as applied to character. After his influx of new light, he remained as strong a democrat as ever, but he ceased to believe in the self-interest principle as universally efficient to produce good government when applied to multitudes, and indeed qualified his democratic theory by an intellectual aristocracy of feeling which to our minds is the essence of exclusiveness. “A person of high intellect,” he writes, “should never go into unintellectual society, unless he can enter it as an apostle; yet he is the only person with high objects, who can ever enter it at all.” You can hardly have exclusiveness more extreme than that, or a doctrine more strangely out of moral sympathy with the would-be universalism of the Benthamite theory. In fact, as it seems to us, Mr. Mill's unquestionable breadth of philosophic treatment was gained at the cost of a certain ambiguity which fell over the root-principles of his philosophy,—an ambiguity by which he gained for it a more catholic repute than it deserved. The result of the moral crisis through which Mr. Mill passed at the age of 20 may be described briefly, in our opinion, as this,—that it gave him *tastes* far in advance of his philosophy, foretastes in fact of a true philosophy; and that this moral flavour of something truer and

wider, served him in place of the substance of any thing truer and wider, during the rest of his life.

The part of the *Autobiography* which we like least, though it is, on the whole, that on which we are most at one with Mr. Mill, is the section in which he reviews his short but thoughtful Parliamentary career. The tone of this portion of the book is too self-important, too minutely egotistic, for the dry and abstract style in which it is told. It adds little to our knowledge of the Parliamentary struggles in which he was engaged, and nothing to our knowledge of any of the actors in them except himself. The best part of the *Autobiography*, except the remarkable and masterly sketch of his father, Mr. James Mill, is the account of the growth of his own philosophic creed in relation to Logic and Political Economy, but this is of course a part only intelligible to the students of his more abstract works.

On the whole, the book will be found, we think, even by Mr. Mill's most strenuous disciples, a dreary one. It shows that in spite of all Mr. Mill's genuine and generous compassion for human misery and his keen desire to alleviate it, his relation to concrete humanity was of a very confined and reserved kind,—one brightened by few personal ties, and those few not, except in about two cases, really hearty ones. The multitude was to him an object of compassion and of genuine beneficence, but he had no pleasure in men, no delight in actual intercourse with this strange, various, homely world of motley faults and virtues. His nature was composed of a few very fine threads, but wanted a certain strength of basis, and the general effect, though one of high and even enthusiastic disinterestedness, is meagre and pallid. His tastes were refined, but there was a want of homeliness about his hopes. He was too strenuously didactic to be in sympathy with man, and too incessantly analytic to throw his burden upon God. There was something overstrained in all that was noblest in him, this excess seeming to be by way of compensation, as it were for the number of regions of life in which he found little or nothing where other men find so much. He was strangely deficient in humour, which, perhaps, we ought not to regret, for had he had it, his best work would in all probability have been greatly hampered by such a gift. Unique in intellectual ardour and moral disinterestedness, of tender heart and fastidious tastes, though

narrow in his range of practical sympathies, his name will long be famous as that of the most wide-minded and generous of political economists, the most disinterested of Utilitarian moralists, and the most accomplished and impartial of empirical philosophers. But as a man, there was in him a certain poverty of nature, in spite of the nobleness in him,—a monotonous joylessness, in spite of the hectic sanguineness of his theoretic creed,—a want of genial trust, which spurred on into an almost artificial zeal his ardour for philosophic reconstruction; and these are qualities which will probably put a well-marked limit on the future propagation of an influence such as few writers on such subjects have ever before attained within the period of their own life-time.

From The Economist.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE ON ENGLAND.

The *New York Daily Bulletin* makes the following statement with reference to the future form of the New York Exchange quotation on England. At present the quotation is of so many dollars per 22/ 10s sterling, the par of exchange being about 108, but by the new method the quotation will be in dollars and cents to the £.

The Act of Congress of March 3, 1873, regulating the relative value of the dollar and the pound sterling goes into effect on the 1st of January next; and in anticipation of the change the leading foreign bankers have agreed upon a method of quoting sterling exchange which expresses the current value in dollars and cents of the pound sterling. The following shows the method of quoting the value of the pound sterling at various periods under the new method, with the equivalent rates as quoted under the present method:—

New Method.	Old Method.	New Method.	Old Method.
\$4.70	\$105.75	\$4.735	\$107.6625
4.705	105.8625	4.77	107.775
4.71	105.975	4.775	107.8875
4.715	105.0875	4.80	108.
4.72	106.20	4.805	108.115
4.725	106.3125	4.81	108.225
4.73	106.425	4.815	108.3375
4.735	106.5375	4.82	108.45
4.74	106.65	4.825	108.5625
4.745	106.7625	4.83	108.675
4.75	106.875	4.835	108.7875
4.755	106.9875	4.84	108.90
4.76	107.10	4.845	109.0125
4.765	107.2125	4.85	109.125
4.77	107.325	4.855	109.2375
4.775	107.4375	4.8645 par . .	109.45625
4.78	107.55		

With reference to the above question, Mr. Secretary Richardson has also addressed a circular to importers, exchange dealers, and the public generally in the United States, calling attention to the anomalies of the old system of reckoning 4s 6d to the dollar, based upon a usage dating back to an early period of colonial history, and the attempts to correct these anomalies by expedients which have become the source of new errors. It is in consequence of this suggestion that the New York merchants and exchange dealers appear to have adopted the above resolution of a reform in the method of quoting the Exchange. A principal anomaly which Mr. Richardson points out, however, is beyond the power of the American Government to correct, as Mr. Richardson recognizes. This is the English Stock Exchange practice of quoting American securities at the exchange of 4s 6d to the dollar. The effect of employing this fictitious par is, that American securities at par are quoted at 9 1-2 per cent. discount, and other quotations vary in proportion from the reality. From Mr. Richardson's view, the most import-

ant result of this usage is an injurious effect upon American credit, American securities appearing at a discount even when they are really above par; but here more importance will be attached to the business confusion and inconvenience, which are extreme. We have more than once suggested to the Committee of the London Stock Exchange that the evil is one which loudly calls for remedy. Investors are sorely puzzled by the calculation of what an American investment will yield them; and the comparison with other investments, which would often be so favourable to America, is impeded. Of course, the calculations are made eagerly enough in brokers' offices, and there are tables and lists which an investor may consult; but all this is a very different thing from the ready knowledge which the investing public should have from a mere glance at a price-list and a knowledge of the rate of interest yielded. A favourable opportunity is now offered for making a reform, and we trust the Stock Exchange Committee will take it in hand at the earliest opportunity.

THE LAVENDER FIELDS OF HERTFORDSHIRE.—The lavender plant grows wild in some parts of Italy and the island of Sicily, but it is uncertain at what period it was introduced into England. Shakespeare, in the "Winter's Tale," puts these words in the mouth of Perdita:—

"Here's flowers for you;

Hot lavender, mint, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer."

True, the scene is laid in Bohemia; but it is evident by the context that the plants named were such as were usually to be found in an English shepherd's garden as early as the time of Elizabeth. Passing over the intervening three centuries, let us come at once to the subject of our sketch, the lavender fields of Hertfordshire. An hour's journey by the Great Northern Railway, through a charming tract of country, past the historic houses of Hatfield and Knebworth, which lie hidden by trees on the traveller's right hand; over that grand engineering mistake, the Welwyn Viaduct, beneath which trickles the tiny river Mimram, through Stevenage, where Lucas, the hermit, wrapped in his dirty blanket, still remains as when he served Charles Dickens as a model for his Tom Tiddler—passing all these, we at length find ourselves, as the train slack-

ens its speed, at the bottom of what seems to be an extensive chalk pit. This is the northern out-crop of the London basin; and the station at which we alight as soon as the deep white cutting is passed, is Hitchin. At this place, some fifty years ago, the experiment was first made by a Mr. Perks, of growing lavender as a source of profit. So well did it succeed, that there are now thirty-five acres of land in Hitchin devoted to its culture, yielding sufficient essential oil to produce upwards of two thousand gallons of lavender annually. A visit to the fields and laboratory, during the latter part of July or the beginning of August, when the flowers are in full bloom, is in itself worth the trouble of a journey to Hitchin; to say nothing of the special attractions which the neighbourhood offers to the botanist, geologist, and antiquary. The largest field is situated at the western side of the quaint old town, near the house in which George Chapman, the friend of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, completed his translation of Homer. The young plants are bedded out in November, at a uniform distance of one yard apart. Formerly they were placed at only half that distance; but it is found that a heavier yield is produced from plants set a yard apart, than from double the number at only eighteen inches. When three years old, the plant is at its best; and when it reaches the age of seven

years, it has made so much wood that it is more profitable to uproot it, and set a fresh plant. The harvest time depends much on the state of the weather, but it usually commences about the first week in August. The flowers are cut with a sickle, bound up in small sheaves, and immediately carried to the distillery. There the stalks are cut off, leaving but little more than the flowers, by which the bouquet of the oil, afterwards extracted, is much improved, though the quantity of the oil is sensibly diminished. Much care is needed on the part of those who handle the sheaves in the distilling house to guard against being stung by the bees which remain attached to the flowers. The temperance, industry, and providence of these insects are proverbial; yet their behaviour in lavender fields, especially towards the end of the season, when the flowers are fully developed, cannot be too severely reprobated. So careless are they of the good reputation they have earned, that they refuse to leave their luscious feast even when it is laid on the trimming bench; and hundreds are thrown into the still, notwithstanding the efforts to dislodge them, in a state of helpless intoxication.

Chambers' Journal.

PRESBYTERIANS are sometimes called "blue." "The epithet," observes a religious exchange, "arose in this way. The distinct dress of the Scotch Presbyterian clergy was a blue gown and a broad blue bonnet. The Episcopalian clergy, on the other hand, either wore no distinctive dress in public services, or else wore a black gown. From this arose the contrasting epithets of 'Black Prelacy' and 'True Blue Presbyterianism.' So says Dean Stanley, in his lectures on the history of the Church of Scotland."

THE Russians and Americans have from time to time discovered affinities towards each other of divers kinds. To these may be added the capability shown by either nation for producing extraordinary religious sects. The latest thing in that line which has come to our knowledge seems worthy of a passing remark. The fair sectarians—for with one exception they were all of one sex—dwelt in the Russian town of Porchov, and were named Seraphinovski, from their founder and teacher, Father Seraphinus. Their creed was implicit belief in their reverend leader; their practice

consisted in cutting off the hair. Women were converted in crowds, and soon there would have been little or no long hair left in Porchov, when the police were moved to inquire into the subject. They discovered that Father Seraphinus had a brother who dealt in coiffures, and that monk and barber united to drive a very pretty trade in the tresses sacrificed by the devotees. The seraphic doctor now lies in prison, with leisure to meditate on the disadvantages of combining religion and business. Pall Mall.

M. GUIZOT has just completed his eighty-sixth year. This long life, begun amidst the storms of the first Revolution—for his earliest recollection is being taken one winter morning by his mother to bid adieu to his father, who was guillotined that day—this long eventful life is closing in the serene old age. "Saint Père Guizot," as an opponent contemptuously terms him, is in truth a "holy father" to and among his family. At Val Richer he rises at 6 A.M., works at his "Histoire pour mes petits Enfants" until déjeuner; then, for an hour or two, the old man, in his broad hat and grey coat, is seen walking about his garden and grounds alone, or with his children or grandchildren. Afterwards, he works again, ending the day by a cheerful, social evening, to which, with faculties unimpaired, he contributes at least one half of the enjoyment.

FROM the Burying-ground of Concord, Massachusetts:—

God wills us free—man wills us slaves,
I will as God wills: God's will be done.

Here lies the body of

John Jack,

A native of Africa, who died
March, 1773, aged about sixty years.

Though born in a land of slavery,

He was born free;

Though he lived in a land of liberty,

He lived a slave;

Till, by his honest, though stolen, labours,

He acquired the source of slavery,

Which gave him his freedom:

Though not long before

Death, the great Tyrant,

Gave him his final emancipation.

And put him on a footing with kings.

Though a slave to vice,

He practised those virtues

Without which kings are but slaves.